The Tariff Crime Complete—*an Editorial*

The Nation

Vol. CXXX, No. 3390 Founded 1865 Wednesday, June 25, 1930

What's Wrong with *The World*?

by Oswald Garrison Villard

Atlanta's Communists

by Walter Wilson

The Killings at Peshawar

An Indian Account

Fifteen Cents a Copy Five Dollars a Year

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Films

All Quiet on the Western Front—Central—47th St. and B'dway.
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Dich Hab Ich Geliebt—55th St. Playhouse—55th St., E. of Seventh Ave.
Green Goddess, Beg. Sat., June 21; Ladies of Leisure, Beg. Wed., June 25—New Plaza—58th St., E. of Madison Ave.
Journey's End—Gaiety—46th St. and B'dway.
News Real—Embassy—B'dway and 46th St.
Return of Dr. Fu Manchu, Beg. Sat., June 21; Light of the Western Stars, Beg. Wed., June 25—Little Carnegie—57th St., E. of Seventh Ave.
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World's Fair—Antwerp—Dorland, 205 E. 42nd St. for information.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

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SENATOR PAT HARRISON was correct when he declared in the Senate on June 16, in referring to President Hoover's statement as to his reasons for signing the tariff bill, that there was never "a document sent out with the approval of a President of the United States that had more misleading statements in it and more alleged facts that do not exist than in the statement [of Mr. Hoover]." Unfortunately, Mr. Harrison talks so much, and at times so loosely, that these words will not carry the weight they should. Far more than that, however, is the fact, which Senator Harrison was careful to conceal, that but for shameless ratting by five Democratic Senators Mr. Hoover would not have had a chance to sign the bill. These Democrats who were purchased by local tariff favors are Broussard and Ransdell of Louisiana, the cane-sugar Senators, Trammell and Fletcher of Florida, and Kendrick of Wyoming. They should be blacklisted not only by their party but by men everywhere who believe that the interests of the American people as a whole should never be sacrificed to local log-rolling. But they are not the only Democratic offenders, heaven knows. All through the struggle Democratic Senators voted for higher rates even when they later turned around and voted against the bill. Never was there better proof of the need of a new, decent, and honest party. This whole tariff crime is a challenge to liberals everywhere.

FOR MR. STIMSON, too, the admirals have gone too far. In a speech over the radio on June 12 he paid his respects to them in unmeasured terms. Those who opposed the treaty he declared to be "blindfolded," "intolerant," and "against all naval limitation." "Never," he declared, "was the narrowness and intolerance of militarism exhibited in a more striking light." Precisely. This is what *The Nation* has been saying for years past, when Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Hoover, and Mr. Stimson, too, were kotowing to the naval "experts"—who are, as Mr. Stimson also said, "handicapped by a kind of training which tends to make men think of war as the only possible defense against war." He most effectively showed that the die-hard admirals in England and Japan are also crying treason and betrayal and reminded his hearers:

> From the very foundation of their government the American people have placed the decision of these matters in the hands not of their admirals and generals but of their civilian representatives. By our Constitution the size and character of the American fleet, so far as it is determined by appropriation, rests with the President and Congress; so far as it is determined by treaty it rests with the President and the Senate. The naval officer is relegated to the function simply of giving advice on technical matters to these civil officers who have the duty of making the decision.

This is all the exact truth. But why does not Mr. Hoover act? He is the commander-in-chief and could at once relegate these dangerous militarists to their proper places. But he has not even spoken out as has Mr. Stimson. No wonder the admirals are insubordinate and disloyal to their chief. It is not a question of the right of free speech. Every officer abandons that when he puts on the uniform.

SECRET DIPLOMACY comes to the front again, rather arrogantly and quite needlessly as far as the Administration is concerned, in the controversy between Secretary Stimson and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations over the naval-treaty documents. The committee asked for certain confidential memoranda and other papers relating to the London negotiations. Secretary Stimson, with Mr. Hoover's approval, declined to transmit the papers on the ground that to do so without the consent of the other governments concerned would be an act of bad faith. The committee, accordingly, was asked to take the treaty as it stands, with only such relevant documents as the Administration saw fit to communicate to it. Both sides, in a way, are right. Diplomatic documents regarded as confidential have often been withheld by the Presidents, and there is no way to get them if the President refuses to give them up. To ask a Senate committee, on the other hand, to content itself with only what the President hands out is to deprive the Senate of a constitutional right to know all it wishes to know about diplomatic business. A little less high-hatting on Mr. Stimson's part and a little more openness on Mr. Hoover's would have avoided an unseemly clash and allowed the committee to examine the documents privately without having to ask for them as a matter of right.

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A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH has been handed to William B. Shearer of Geneva-naval-conference fame by Senator Shortridge, chairman of the Naval Affairs Subcommittee which investigated Mr. Shearer's activities. According to the Senator, Mr. Shearer's record, which looked rather bad as it was set out in the newspapers from day to day while the investigation was going on, was in fact of unsullied purity. There is no evidence that the shipbuilders who employed him sent him to Geneva to defeat, if he could, the naval-reduction plans of the American government. "He may have been extravagant and assertive," the Senator remarks, "but so far as I see it there is no reason for criticizing him." Even a formal report on the case appears to the Senator to be unnecessary, and if one is made it will not radiate any censure in the direction of Mr. Shearer or his employers. Mr. Shearer himself, who writes a plaintive letter to the New York *World* arraigning a press which "as a whole either ignores entirely or buries in a remote paragraph in a most obscure corner this exculpatory statement," actually claims that his Geneva activities were "merely directed in behalf of parity." Mr. Shearer ought to be content even if he no longer gets front-page publicity.

"GET THE REDS" is to be the blithesome slogan of Congressman Fish and his committee associates during a part, at least, of the heated term. The red menace is upon us, and the business of the committee will be to expose it in all its terribleness so that Congress may go at it hammer and tongs. Judging by the reports of the first few committee hearings, the same old gang of treason-smellers and bomb-hunters is ready to offer its services. The committee is to depend "in large measure," it is reported, "on leads furnished by the Departments of Justice, State, and Labor" —the three executive departments whose imaginative facility in dealing with evidence that is mostly bunk has hitherto been exceeded only by their stupidity in giving their case away. The Reverend Edmund Walsh, of Georgetown University, led off at the opening hearing with the startling allegation that Soviet Russia had officially "declared war against all humanity." What mystified the good father was where all the Russian propaganda money came from; he thought, he was reported as saying, "it must come from the outside." The great labor philosopher William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, followed with a vision of Communism gnawing at the vitals of the American trade unions and carrying on "a vicious campaign of propaganda in the central coal fields of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania." It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Fish, with $25,000 for his committee expenses, will keep on in the way so convincingly begun. We have no doubt that the committee, if it will only stick to its job, will find that American radicalism, backed by Russian gold, is largely responsible for the market slump and the low price of cotton and wheat.

WE ARE GLAD that the bill providing for a full-time Federal Power Commission has been passed. Power is *the* economic question of the immediate future. Three honest and able men giving their whole time to the important duties devolving on them under the Federal Power Act can perform a great public service, and President Hoover should spare no effort to secure high-grade appointees. In its report for 1928 the commission pointed out that applications then pending involved no less than 20,500,000 horse-power, a total more than one-half greater than the entire hydro installation of the country at that time. The public needs all possible assurance that its interests in the remaining federal water powers will be safeguarded against the manipulations of those great power companies which, with much talk of service, have given only too clear evidence of a determination to carry off everything that is not nailed down tight. Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, Flathead, and a dozen lesser cases all illustrate the bitterness of the fight waged by these interests. As long as we cannot get the basic advantages of public operation, so long must we wage the unequal struggle for effective public control of private operation. Public attention, therefore, ought to be directed narrowly at the further and more controversial features of the Couzens and Parker power-commission bills when they come up for consideration at the next session of Congress.

THE ATTEMPT TO SIDESTEP the Shipstead anti-injunction bill by referring it to the Attorney General for an opinion on its constitutionality failed ingloriously. Mr. Mitchell sent it back with a letter reminding the Senate Judiciary Committee of the notorious fact that in accordance with the statutes and the uniform practice since 1818 "the Attorney General is not authorized to give his official opinion upon the call of either house of Congress or any committee or member thereof." Chairman Norris, over whose protest the committee applied to the Attorney General, "agrees wholeheartedly" with the position of the latter. The committee, driven into the open, on June 9 voted by 10 to 7 to report the bill unfavorably, and Senator Steiwer was allowed until June 20 to file a detailed adverse report. Senator Norris is seeking a unanimous-consent agreement for a vote in late December. In urging the confirmation of Judge Parker some of his supporters maintained that the way to cure the injunction abuse was not to reject the North Carolina jurist, but to change the law. Among them were four members of the Judiciary Committee, all of whom later were also of those voting to send the Shipstead bill to the Attorney General. These statesmen were Senators Gillett, Hastings, Overman, and Waterman. As we recall it, Dickens, in a work by no means wholly forgotten, created a character known as the Artful Dodger.

IN THE LAST PRESS OF BUSINESS before the adjournment of Congress certain bills stand out as deserving of attention. Chief among them are the Wagner bills for dealing with unemployment, which are now before the House Judiciary Committee. Another measure, long overdue, is the Vestal bill, now before the House. This bill affords protection from piracy to the designer, whether he be a designer of printed materials, fountain pens, glassware, or clothes. The bill defines design in a manufactured product as a pattern, shape, or form which is "original . . . by reason of an artistic or intellectual effort," and stipulates that an original design shall receive protection from the time of its registration. Passage of this bill would be welcomed abroad and at home. A third and extremely important measure which should be pushed through before adjournment is the proposal to appropriate $1,500,000 to acquire for the Library of Congress the famous Vollbehr collection of incunabula, including a unique fifteenth-century Gutenberg

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Bible. The House unanimously voted the appropriation on June 9, but the Senate has not yet acted. A rich university is known to be angling for the collection, and if Congress does not make up its mind to accept the offer, Dr. Vollbehr, who brought the books to this country several years ago, may be forced to seek another buyer. The Senate should act at once to secure this famous collection to the nation.

SO BISHOP CANNON gets away with it, as far as the Lobby Committee is concerned. That body ingloriously concluded its work by resolving "that it should not insist on answers to questions propounded to Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and the transcript of the whole record be laid before the Senate." At the same time it made public a mass of correspondence between Bishop Cannon and the bucket-shop with which he dealt with such fidelity that even on the Sabbaths he telegraphed or wrote to his bankers in his eagerness for 1 per cent profit. A servant of the Savior gambling with low-down hucksters in the marts of trade like this? It is so disgusting that his church in common decency ought to act at once, and would—if it did not happen to be the Methodist Church South in America.

A LOSS OF $13,000,000 since April 25 is the result, up to June 14, of the Farm Board's effort to support the price of cotton by the use of its revolving fund in large-scale speculation. Of course this is a paper loss and no one can tell what the final actual outcome will be, but the prospects are not flattering. In March, when cotton went down to fourteen cents, the board came to the rescue of the hard-pressed cotton cooperatives, and it is now supposed to hold more than 1,000,000 bales of the fleecy staple, out of a 1929 crop of 14,500,000 bales. The statistical position is thoroughly bad: foreign consumption during the nine months ending April 30 was down more than 1,000,000 bales from last season, and domestic consumption in the ten months ending June 13 was off by 679,000 bales; the carry-over on July 30 is expected to be at least 1,000,000 bales greater than last year. So much for the immediate situation. Fundamentally, does the board really believe that it can keep acreage down at the same time that it keeps prices up? Chairman Legge, in reviewing the first year of the board's work, feels that "fairly satisfactory progress has been made in the short time the board has been at work." Perhaps so, but has the board abolished the immemorial relation between the production and the price of commodities sold in a competitive world market?

WHAT PRICE NATURALIZATION? is the question which the friends of the alien in this country are asking. The Cable bill, which as it passed the House of Representatives made provision for equalizing the citizenship of women who had lost their citizenship through marriage with an alien, has been amended in the Senate by the requirement of educational qualifications so high and rigid as to make naturalization extremely difficult. The knowledge of the English language and American history which the Senate changes prescribe is so considerable as to make possible the rejection of a large proportion of applicants if the court chose to interpret the requirements strictly. If the Senate amendments prevail the alien would find himself caught between two fires. He must register if he is an alien; he must pass an oversevere educational test if he wishes to become a citizen. Meantime the applications for naturalization are being kept down by high fees and unemployment, although on the financial side the Treasury is not worrying; in Boston, for example, in November, 1928, 1,066 applied for their first papers and paid a fee of one dollar apiece; in November, 1929, the 106 applicants paid ten dollars each. There is no question that a considerable number of members of Congress would like to see naturalization made as difficult as possible, short of prohibiting it altogether, and that the advocates of a more generous policy need all the support they can get.

WELL, THE POOR OLD *NATION* and the *New Republic* and others of their ilk have been exposed again. This time it is Paul Elmer More, one of the two chief exponents of humanism, who has done the trick. Listen to his words:

> The chief opposition to humanism is confined to the would-be leaders of intellectual life in the New York newspaper world—chiefly the weekly newspaper world. But this is no advantage, because the intelligentsia of New York is the most tawdry and dingy ever found in history.

We confess to being entirely crushed; not even the fact that in tawdriness and dinginess we have set a new record consoles us. Something in his words suggests to us that Mr. More is rather mad about something. Could we be wrong about this? In our pitiful blindness we had suspected that humanism suggested a philosophy of kindliness and human sympathy as well as the insistence that individual life and the life of the world have a purpose. Waiving that, however, we are compelled to admit that Mr. More knows something of what he is talking about, for "Who's Who" verifies our recollection that for five years Mr. More was editor of *The Nation*. Can it be that after enjoying for that period the benefit of his gospel to the heathen the intelligentsia of New York is really as tawdry and dingy as he thinks?

ALL HONOR to Ernestine Schumann-Heink! Her sixty-ninth birthday has found her still singing and singing well and hoping to die while singing her last song as her valiant spirit takes flight. Truly a heroic figure! There was a day when, deserted by her husband, with no money, with no furniture left in her apartment save three chairs and a bed, she tried to throw herself and her children before a train. The engine was at hand when her little girl saved four lives by screaming "Mamma, mamma, I love you, I love you, take me home." The appeal was irresistible. If there was fortunate infirmity of purpose then, there has been no other case of it in all Schumann-Heink's long life. Rising above several deep tragedies—one son was lost in a German submarine—she has been the great artist. Exemplar of many another heroic woman to whom public recognition has not come, we rejoice at her courage and her perseverance and hope that we may salute her on her seventy-ninth birthday with similar words of gratitude and admiration.

IN OUR ISSUE of April 18, 1928, we referred at some length to a libel suit brought by Captain Calvin H. Goddard against *The Nation*. As a matter of record we are glad to state that the suit has been voluntarily withdrawn by Captain Goddard.

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The Tariff Crime Complete

IT was a crime against the American people—yes, against the whole world—to sign the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, but Mr. Hoover has done it. He has done it moreover in a way to inflict the greatest possible damage on his own reputation for intellectual honesty and straightforwardness. Not ten days ago he let it be known that he would not act until he had referred the bill to experts, to Mr. Mellon, and to other Cabinet officers. Instead of doing so, he announced within twenty-four hours of the passage of the bill, before it had even reached him, that he would sign it, and accompanied his decision with a statement which for moral obfuscation and mental confusion is almost without parallel in our history. Anyone who may hereafter maintain that his is a first-rate mentality can be laughed out of court by the mere citation of this memorandum. It proves beyond question that in economic matters he is a child and that the idea that he is especially versed in economic affairs is another one of the long list of Presidential myths.

Mr. Hoover has, moreover, taken this fatal step—we believe it will prove fatal politically—in the face of an unprecedented outpouring of protests. Doubtless the speed of his decision was due to a desire to head off the avalanche of demands for a veto of the bill which was certain to descend upon him. Never in our entire tariff history has there been such a volume of protests from sources heretofore favorable to tariff legislation. When before did the president of the American Bankers' Association denounce such a measure? When before did the leading exporters of the country unite in their protests and declarations that it would gravely injure business? When before has a majority of the leading newspapers of the country demanded a veto? When before have the leaders of the business world declared that the signing of such a measure would retard the recovery of business and further injure our serious economic situation? When before has Wall Street reacted so unfavorably to a bill raising the tariff? During the week when the bill was actually being passed by Congress the average price of fifty industrial and railroad stocks, as reported by the New York *Times,* fell 13.79 points. The news that the Senate had passed the bill caused a bad break in prices. The news of the Presidential approval sent prices into a collapse. As for aiding the farmer, cotton and wheat slumped badly. How pleased our rural population must be as it reads that while the bill was becoming law there were declines in wheat, corn, rye, oats, flour, butter, and eggs!

To fly in the face of all this would in itself have been bad enough. To excuse it with such arguments as Mr. Hoover offers is really incredible—no wonder that even the New York *Times* asks if Mr. Hoover has saved his official integrity. Take, for example, the question of the effect of this tariff upon the rest of the world. Three or four weeks ago Mr. Hoover assured a group of editors that the bitter protests from thirty-three countries amounted to nothing—they would all blow over. In his memorandum he dismisses all these protests with this trifling reference: "The complaints from some foreign countries that these duties have been placed unduly high can be remedied, if justified, by proper application to the Tariff Commission." What chance could a foreigner have before such a commission? Indeed, almost at the very moment that the President was writing these words, French manufacturers were moving to organize those of other countries against us, and the French Minister of Commerce, M. Flandin, publicly denounced the measure as a "false remedy," "a dangerous procedure," stupid and unsound. Even more striking is his remark that "it is unfortunate that on this economic ground the warlike instincts of men are now let loose." Precisely. That is inevitably the net result of such legislation. It menaces peace.

What of the rest of Mr. Hoover's excuses? He signs the bill to relieve business from further anxiety due to uncertainty—when a veto could have established the only real certainty. He forgets his own demand of Congress "for limited revision of the tariff" and cites the Kansas City Republican platform as justifying the present measure. Why then did he not urge general revision from the first? Again, he rejoices that the flexible-tariff provision has been voted because, he quite truly says, "Congressional revisions are not only disturbing to business, but, with all their necessary [!] collateral surroundings in lobbies, log-rolling, and activities of group interests, are disturbing to public confidence." No better bit of state's evidence has come from an authoritative source in years. The protective-tariff principle, he says, remains, and the commission is to see to it that it adjusts "the rates so as to cover the differences in cost of production at home and abroad"; it can make changes up to 50 per cent. The commission is thus to have legislative power, subject to his approval, over the 3,300 items in the bill, which he declares are far too numerous for any President to pass judgment upon. The commission is to make over an admittedly bad job by revising all the schedules that call for change—something that everybody knows is impossible in view of the influences that are certain to be brought to bear upon the commission.

But that bad job, due, as he says, to log-rolling, to pressure by special interests and lobbies, is, it appears, not so bad after all! "No tariff bill has ever been . . . perfect"; so why should you expect this not to be full of errors and wrongs? Aren't we all fallible? Let us all sit back and think no more about it, and let the Tariff Commission do it. This is childish enough, but it is as nothing compared to the President's utter failure to realize the vital thing—that the protective principle strikes today at our national welfare as never before. At the very moment when we need our export trade more than ever before, when our tremendous production in many lines has outrun domestic needs, when the streets are full of unemployed, when our foreign debtors more than ever need low tariffs in order to pay what they owe us, we strike a deadly blow against each and every one of these parties in interest. Let the President say what he pleases about the 2,170 schedules that are untouched; everybody else in the world knows that this is protectionism run mad. If it does not bring the swiftest political penalty with it, it will do violence to unbroken precedents of our tariff history.

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Germany Sets a Pace

THE successful flotation of the so-called international loan under the Young Plan marks another stage in the settlement of the reparations issue and the progress of Germany toward economic and political rehabilitation. Properly speaking, the loan is not an international loan at all, but a series of national loans each of which is payable in the currency of the country of issue. American and British bankers in particular objected strongly to a loan represented by bonds payable in gold anywhere, fearing, apparently, that the international backing of such a loan might give it a prestige which would work to the disadvantage of purely national loans. The present loan, accordingly, achieves a unique straddle of the difficulty. The terms exacted by the cooperating banks, too, are heavy. The American syndicate pays 85.25 for bonds which it offers to subscribers at 90, while in France, where the bonds are put out at 98.25, the Treasury takes 8.25 in return for an exemption of the bonds from taxation.

Nevertheless, with the loan successfully out of the way, Germany can proceed with unwonted assurance to put its economic house in order. Under the Dawes Plan, such steps as were taken to improve financial and economic conditions were essentially tentative, for the reason that no agreement had been arrived at regarding the total amount of reparations that would have to be paid. No country can make any but temporary arrangements to meet its obligations as long as it does not know how great the obligations are. A good deal was done when the currency was stabilized and the railways reorganized, but the annual payments under the Dawes Plan were largely offset by receipts from foreign loans. Moreover, as S. Parker Gilbert, Agent General for Reparation Payments, again points out in his final report on the operation of the Dawes Plan, the German budget has not been balanced and the financial system of the Reich is still in disorder. The public revenues have been sufficient to insure budgetary equilibrium, but "any determined effort to control public expenditures" has been lacking, and Germany has been living beyond its means. It has been easier to be extravagant because, while the Reich collects the revenue, the states and communes claim a large share of it for their own purposes and spend it without any effective central control. It is this situation that enables Dr. Carl Bergmann, a high authority on German finance, to maintain in the June issue of *Foreign Affairs,* in opposition to Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, that even the Young Plan "is not the final solution of the reparations problem," but must be classed as "a political venture" rather than as "the result of economic experience." Whether final or not, however, both the reparations total and the scale of annuities have been fixed, and for a number of years at least the figures are likely to stand. How will Germany now proceed? It is already producing more goods with less labor, it is reorganizing its industries so as to reduce the number of separate establishments, and it is multiplying its cartels and trade associations. It now proposes a further step intended to enlarge its share of world trade. There is in contemplation, it is announced, an immediate reduction of 10 per cent or more in the prices of products sold for export, the reduction to be effected through a lowering of wages and a cut in the price of coal. The Westphalia iron workers, it is reported, are about to agree to a 7½ per cent cut in wages preliminary to a 10 per cent cut in iron, and the export price of coal, of which there is a large excess stock in the Ruhr, has already been substantially lowered. The gain, it is expected, will be in a marked increase of German exports during the present period of world depression in trade, a further recovery of foreign markets, and the possibility of higher prices when trade conditions improve. Incidentally, the grave unemployment situation, with some 2,800,000 persons out of work, should show marked amelioration.

Germany, in short, is now in a position to regain the trade of which the Allies, in the peace treaties, sought permanently to rob it. It is ready to go farther than it has already gone in capitalizing for its economic benefit the international good-will which it has won since the war. Only in the stuffy circles of superheated hundred-per-centism is Germany any longer an outcast. Mr. Dwight Morrow's recent repudiation, in one of his New Jersey campaign speeches, of the vindictive allegation of exclusive German "war guilt" is a gratifying sign of the changed attitude of sensible people. There is more to the matter than reconciliation, however. If the economic policy which Germany is thinking about goes into operation, the industrial and commercial world will have to meet the vigorous competition of German intelligence, ambition, and hard work. For the United States, saddled with a Congress and an Administration whose tariff philosophy is the acme of stupidity and national arrogance, a stiff fight to keep its economic head above water would be an unmixed blessing.

The War for Freedom

IF anyone doubts that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, we advise him to send to the American Civil Liberties Union at 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for a copy of "The Story of Civil Liberty—1929-30," being the annual report of the Union for the year just past. He will read in this fascinating pamphlet, illustrated by extremely interesting maps, the story of the unending war waged by this admirable organization against repression, intolerance, official lawlessness, and all the combined forces of political bourbonism and economic greed that forever menace our liberties. It is an extraordinary report, and no genuine American can read it without a fresh realization of the strength of these powers of evil, and a new sense of gratitude for the Union's work in combating them. The field of campaign is nation-wide, extending literally from Boston to Los Angeles, and the battle rages almost constantly on a dozen different fronts.

How many of our readers, we wonder, know that thirty-two out of our forty-eight States have criminal-syndicalism or sedition laws, twenty-six of them passed in 1919 or later; that twenty-eight States have laws against the red flag, all passed in 1919; and that twenty-three suffer from both abominations? Only ten States are free of both, and of these the most are Southern States, many of which have old laws, coming down from reconstruction days, aimed at "incitement to insurrection and rebellion," and equally adaptable, as current events in Atlanta show, to the suppression of labor

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organization and radical activities of every variety.

How many persons are cognizant of the actual state of the law regarding Negroes as it exists in these United States of ours in this year 1930? Despite the Constitution, ten States deny Negroes the right to vote and to marry with whites, and segregate them both in public schools and on public conveyances. Five more impose all these disabilities except the denial of voting rights. Most surprising of all, perhaps, to the ordinary uninformed American, no less than thirty of the forty-eight States, including many of the most liberal ones in the Union, still prohibit intermarriage of Negroes with whites. We have scarcely made a beginning in guaranteeing the full civil rights of our colored fellow-citizens.

The machinery of repression embodied in our law has been strengthened rather than weakened during the year by legislation and court action. There are some gains to be recorded, like Judge Thacher's decision that mere membership in the Communist Party does not make an alien deportable, the decision of the United States Court of Appeals reversing the conviction of Mary Ware Dennett, and the appointment by the Federal Law Enforcement Commission of a special committee on official lawlessness. On the other hand, there have been plenty of setbacks, like the conviction of strikers and the acquittal of their assailants in trials filled with religious and political prejudice in North Carolina, the denial by the Supreme Court of the United States of citizenship to Rosika Schwimmer for her refusal to bear arms in time of war, and the conviction of five young women in California for displaying a red flag. Concerning the general situation the report says:

> The police and prosecuting officials always respond to the urge of employers and red-baiters. The machinery is chiefly used in strikes and against radical propaganda in industrial centers. The constant violations of Negroes' rights continue unabated. Religious and racial intolerance is firmly intrenched.

Though 1929 showed only 228 free-speech prosecutions against 418 in 1928, yet during the first three months of 1930 no less than 920 such cases were brought, as against only 36 in the same months of last year. Unemployed people must not talk too much. Public opinion, however, the Union finds, is on the whole more alert to defend civil liberties, and defense organizations are stronger than in the past.

We wish that there were space to record fully the work done by the Union in fighting repressive laws, in opposing censorship, police lawlessness, and the activities of the professional patriots, in asserting the rights of strikers, aliens, Communists, and other unpopular minority groups. It is a fine story of the old traditional Americanism functioning under new and more difficult conditions, offering a splendid contrast to the intellectual and spiritual pusillanimity of so many of those who sit in the seats of the economically and politically mighty. We hail with admiration and gratitude the completion of ten years' work by the Civil Liberties Union, and we agree heartily with the more than moderate statement of its report:

> Our services are essential for whatever degree of tolerance we can achieve, and will be until a political and economic opposition arises strong enough to defend its own rights, and in so doing to stem the tide of intolerance and repression which marks the country today.

Apostles of Passive Resistance

THE scene at Peshawar described in an article in the present issue—the spectacle not only of revolutionary leaders voluntarily giving themselves up to the authorities, but of unarmed men deliberately baring their breasts to British rifles and calmly allowing themselves to be shot—all this seems almost incredible to the Western mind. But it should not be forgotten that the doctrines of non-cooperation and non-violence, though they are at present taken far more in earnest and held against greater provocation in India than they have been anywhere else in the modern world, are not exclusively Indian doctrines. Within the last century the idea of passive resistance has been held by several great predecessors of Gandhi. Gandhi himself, as was pointed out in an article in our issue of May 21, has frequently confessed his debt to Tolstoy. Tolstoy, in turn, acknowledged his debt to William Lloyd Garrison:

> The principle of non-resistance to evil by violence, which consists in the substitution of persuasion for brute force, can only be accepted voluntarily. . . . Garrison was the first to proclaim this principle as a rule for the organization of the life of men. . . . Therefore Garrison will forever remain one of the greatest reformers and promoters of true human progress.

The doctrine of non-violence, in short, though it has remained for India to give it by far the most remarkable application in our time, owes a great debt to American thinkers. We find the doctrine clearly enunciated not only by Garrison, but by Emerson; and it was acted upon by Thoreau.

> The country [remarked Emerson in 1844] is frequently affording solitary examples of resistance to the government, solitary nullifiers, who throw themselves on their reserved rights . . . who embarrass the courts of law by non-jury, and the commander-in-chief of the militia by non-resistance.

In Thoreau we find the American archetype of such figures. He was opposed to a government that was supporting slavery and prosecuting a war of aggrandizement against Mexico. "I quietly declare war with the state," he said, "after my fashion." When he refused to pay his poll tax, he was put in jail. But he declared:

> If the alternative is to keep all just men in prison or give up war and slavery, the state will not hesitate which to choose. If a thousand men were not to pay their tax bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them and enable the state to commit violence and shed innocent blood. This is, in fact, the definition of a peaceable revolution, if any such is possible. If the tax-gatherer, or any other public officer, asks me, as one has done, "But what shall I do?" my answer is, "If you really wish to do anything, resign your office." When the subject has refused allegiance, and the officer has resigned his office, then the revolution is accomplished.

If the followers of Gandhi adhere steadfastly to this plan, their ultimate success is far from hopeless. As they love liberty, let them not break faith.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

ALTHOUGH I was among the voters who had no enthusiasm for Herbert Clark Hoover I must admit that the gentleman has fallen far below my expectations. A violent partisan of Governor Smith, I felt that the election of Mr. Hoover would be unfortunate. I did not begin to realize its catastrophic quality. Let it not be forgotten that President Hoover has established two records already in his Administration. Under his leadership more men have been put out of work and more put in jail than America has ever known.

The stock-market crash and the business decline which hit the country late in the year 1929 may not justly be attributed directly to the President. It was hardly Mr. Hoover's fault that the nation had indulged in a wild orgy of overproduction and consequent inflation. It is true, of course, that a firmer and a prompter policy upon the part of the Federal Reserve might have toned down the excesses of speculation. But that is surmise. Wall Street had the bit in its mouth and was running away. It is at least possible that no living man could have stopped the mad gallop to the edge of the precipice.

But it can clearly be charged against Mr. Hoover that he has been an exceedingly ineffective leader once the accident occurred. His boosters presented him to us under singularly false colors. Here was the great engineer, the great executive. They said that he knew nothing of practical politics and that his worth lay along the lines of quiet unobtrusive efficiency. By now we know that President Hoover's greatest flair—his only one as far as can be ascertained—is a capacity for publicity. Not for a minute would I deny his great skill as a ballyhoo artist. Upon retirement from the White House there is no reason why he should not obtain a lucrative position in one of our great advertising agencies.

He performed an extraordinary feat first of all in selling himself. Even today there are little groups here and there who look upon Mr. Hoover as the trained expert. The notion is not yet gone that he feeds upon statistics and grows strong thereby. A few still believe that he lives and moves and has his being by clinging to sagacious graphs embodying subtle wisdom hidden from the brain of common mortals. Not many think this any more, but it is a mark of sheer genius that a single disciple should still remain. The plain fact is that Herbert Clark Hoover is the most ignorant man to sit in the White House within the memory of any living man. And I am not forgetting that there was a Warren Gamaliel Harding.

This is by far the kindest view which can be taken of the leadership of President Hoover. It would be simple and silly to look upon him as a deep-dyed villain. His mistakes have been made in good faith. God help him, he could do no other. We have been living for the better part of two years on slogans. No hungry man has ever been denied the benefit of an optimistic Presidential statement. And the curious quirk in Mr. Hoover's mind is his childlike belief in "psychology." One has but to smile and smile and chirp a little and everything will be for the best in the most perfectly adjusted of all nations.

I ask you to recall the manner in which Mr. Hoover is said to have saved the nation after the Wall Street panic. His device was simplicity itself. He encouraged the business leaders to do some tall talking. Down to Washington they flocked, the public-utility princes and the railroad kings. One said: "I will spend a hundred million," and under the emotional appeal of the revival meeting another raised the bet and pledged two hundred million. Industry must hum because all citizens both great and small had announced the starting of vast projects. It may be argued that such a process of expansion would have been economically fatal in a period of readjustment. But there is no need to argue that, because no one save Mr. Hoover took these promises of vast expenditure as anything more than ballyhoo. Many a captain of industry hotfooted it back from Washington where all had grown drunk on figures and in the cold dawn of the morning after proceeded to lop a few more thousand employees off the pay roll.

But the problem of unemployment never bothered the President very much. That, too, he met like a true press agent. He solved unemployment by saying that it didn't exist save in the usual seasonal quantities. People close to him learned that he could grow furiously angry if unemployment were mentioned. If it were not talked about it would not exist. That too was psychology. To say a thing was to have it come immediately into existence. To refrain from mentioning a condition would assure its immediate disappearance.

Take, specifically, Mr. Hoover's attitude toward the tariff. He made public announcement that he would consult with trained experts before affixing his signature. All the practical economists of the country from Henry Ford up and down rushed into print to denounce the pending tariff. They assured America that it would deal a heavy blow to our already dwindling export trade. The President's response to this testimony was a hasty statement that he would sign the bill. He said that business needed it. Once again Mr. Hoover was content with the gesture.

The advance man of a circus comes to a small town and placards every billboard and assails all the local publications with the information that the show will bring with it a herd of twenty elephants. When the attraction arrives the populace finds that there are but two. Nobody is particularly indignant. The townsfolk have had experience with press agents before. They allow for natural exaggeration. There is no suggestion that the man be pursued and required to produce the eighteen missing animals. The press agent has done his duty after his fashion. It was up to him to make the community elephant-conscious. It was a good story while it lasted and so he moves on to bring hope and excitement to another village.

But the circus plays each stand for a single day. The government of the United States is a show which functions 365 days in the year, and so I think we have a right to ask the press agent in the White House: "Where are those eighteen elephants, Mr. President?"

HEYWOOD BROUN

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The Press Today

VII. What's Wrong with the *World*?*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MUCH is wrong with the New York *World*. Any practiced eye perceives it and the unpracticed also. The fact disquiets liberals everywhere, but especially those in New York because the *World's* editorial page has been the last remaining morning one in the metropolis that did not bow the knee to the god of things as they are, that felt that there is a better kind of America and a juster one to be achieved, that stood ardently for the rights and liberties of the individual. The solicitude that one hears on all sides is the best tribute to what the *World* has been and could be. Such criticisms as are uttered—and those to be found in this article—are born only of friendship and goodwill, and the fear lest something happen to the one powerful New York morning daily which still in the main recognizes liberalism when it sees it.

Primarily it is, I suspect, the will of Joseph Pulitzer which is largely at fault. It has laid down conditions and made dispositions which on the one hand have harassed the managers and on the other have lulled them into a too easy security. The will specifies that the *World* cannot be sold, and otherwise has caused the *World* to suffer the evils which are certain to attend every endowed newspaper. Its increasing deficits—said to be over a million dollars annually—have been carried by the other members of the Pulitzer newspaper family, and it appears to have been only recently recognized that, will or no will, this situation cannot continue indefinitely. So there has been since the retirement of Ralph Pulitzer and the assumption of managerial direction by his younger brother, Herbert, a great effort to help the situation. This resulted about Christmas time, 1929, in the ruthless discharge of eighteen or more employees, some of long service and advanced years, and in radical cuts all along the line in each department. The result upon the morale of the staff has been precisely what could have been expected. Only a few of a staff of brilliant reporters remain; its ablest men are in Washington. In other words there was economy just at the time when, if in any way possible, a good deal more money should have been spent upon the paper.

The *World* lost its great opportunity when it did not deliberately pattern after the *Times* a few years ago. Had it done so under able managers it would not only have built itself up, it would also have challenged the community leadership of the *Times*. That this is no idle theory is proved by the success which the New York *Herald Tribune*, although handicapped by a conservative tradition and a heavy and conservative editorial page, has achieved by pursuing just this policy. Two factors have contributed to bring about the *World's* present position—and to prevent its seizing the opportunity which the *Herald Tribune* took—the inherited admonition of Joseph Pulitzer to hold its labor-class support and at the same time to maintain an able and liberal editorial page, and the latter-day belief that the *World* could not be a newspaper with all the news but must be one of selective news. The result of the first has been that the *World* has continued to indulge in a cheap-looking typographical make-up and news display, while maintaining an editorial page that appealed especially to the highbrows, the liberal-intellectuals, and the thoughtful lawyers and business men who for years followed the fine leadership of Frank I. Cobb.

As for the theory that the *World* was superior to the need of printing all the news and could become purely a "selective" journal—that called for journalism of the ablest type to justify itself. That ability has not been forthcoming. As the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* waxed steadily in the size of their issues, the *World* shrank by contrast until the very feel of the paper seemed to suggest that it was an incomplete product. And that it has been. It is not as if there were a deliberate attempt at condensation so as to cover completely a great field. The scarcity of white paper in the *World* office has, it is true, led to condensation of a type one would like to find in the seriously overwritten *Times*, which so often tells the same story four times in succession, beginning with the headlines. Unfortunately, however, the selection of the news has not even been second-rate; excellent news stories go to waste in the *World* office. Its admirable Washington staff, for instance, often wakes up in the morning to find its stories cut to pieces, or badly displayed, without any recognition of the news value of the telegraphed matter.

Thus, newspaper Washington is still smiling over the treatment accorded to a *World* beat in the *World* office. Its Washington bureau discovered that Senator Grundy, soon after taking his seat, had moved his tariff-lobbying staff into his office in the Senate office building. It led to an immediate explosion on the floor of the Senate. The Washington *Post*, which gets copies of the *World's* special dispatches, "played up" this dispatch on its front page. The *World* cut it down and buried it on an inside page. This is not an isolated example. One has only to contrast the news service of the St. Louis Pulitzer newspaper, the *Post-Dispatch*, with that of the *World* to see how much valuable matter is lost to the latter because of its selective process. The simple truth is that the men in the *World* office are not nearly so live or able newspapermen as they ought to be; there lies the chief weakness. Like most of the other metropolitan dailies the *World* does not really know what is going on. Under the elder Pulitzer it was often a terror to Tammany Hall. For many years it went out after, and *got*, big and original stories. One felt that it was really behind the scenes both in the City Hall and in Albany; one felt its ability to deal the sledge-hammer blows it gave; one knew that it was virile and powerful.

Curiously enough as it has grown less forceful and less newsy its news pages have become more and more respectable, thus appealing less and less to the great working class

* This is the seventh in a series of articles on the American press. The eighth, on the newspaper situation in Montana, will appear in our issue of July 9.—Editor The Nation.

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in which Mr. Pulitzer found his greatest support, especially in the time when no well-bred household would permit the "yellow" *World*—of those days—to pass its doors. The loss of prestige and of news value came largely after the death of Frank I. Cobb in 1923 and during the managing editorship of Herbert Bayard Swope. Here one must write very carefully, for Mr. Swope at his best was one of the most brilliant reporters and newsmen in the entire profession. For him as a journalist it was a pity that he reached the position that he did; there came days when he had other interests and other irons in the fire—and we cannot serve two masters in journalism any more than anywhere else. There came days of entangling alliances; of much absenteeism—often in successful search for good news; of the development of hostile cliques within the office. It is an old problem which confronts the newspaperman of today: shall he have intimate social contacts with those he might at some time have to pillory? Should he, in order "to be in the know," be the friend of the men with whom his newspaper may have to disagree?

As for Ralph Pulitzer, who during these years was the titular head of the daily, it is impossible to think of him without recalling Heywood Broun's generous tribute to him in *The Nation* of February 26, 1930—a tribute all the more remarkable because Mr. Pulitzer had felt it necessary to dismiss Mr. Broun because of the latter's criticism of the *World* in its own columns and in *The Nation*. Mr. Broun wrote:

> Curiously enough, the task of continuing the Pulitzer tradition was intrusted to a man who had little in common with his father. The force, the drive, the vitality which animated Joseph Pulitzer were never in his eldest son Ralph. But at the outset I might as well pick my side in this duel between the living man and the dead hand. I was and am for Ralph Pulitzer. The paper's peak during his period of control constituted a higher journalistic achievement than it had ever known in his father's day. Though the younger Pulitzer lacked the founder's force he did bring to the job a far more sensitized intelligence. He brought the paper up out of the field of cheap sensationalism into which Joseph Pulitzer plunged it back in the days of the duel with Hearst. And so, though he may have plunged it at last into the red, he did remove it from the yellow.

No one who knows Mr. Pulitzer can fail to respect his personal standards, his kindly feelings toward his associates, his earnest desire to uphold his father's and the *World's* traditions. But sometimes it appears that sons in inheriting newspapers do not inherit enough; to succeed, they must also be endowed with journalistic ability. There have been others besides Mr. Pulitzer in New York who have inherited daily newspapers and failed to make good with them, as, for instance, the editor of a certain liberal weekly! To follow in the footsteps of Joseph Pulitzer, that restless, dynamic, dominating personality with its touch of genius, and to live up to his standard was to subject anybody to a dreadful test; was to demand the almost impossible. Yet a newspaper built up by a great and virile character, which put its hall-mark on everything it touched, needs a virile successor to carry it on.

Editorially Joseph Pulitzer had such a successor in considerable degree in Frank I. Cobb, one of the most beloved men in the profession of his day, who but for his untimely end would today still be making the editorial page of the *World* what Mr. Pulitzer wished it to be—a great leader in liberalism. Not that his judgment was beyond fallibility. I, for one, remembering the fight the *World* put up against the Spanish War, cannot believe that Joseph Pulitzer would have declared as did Mr. Cobb that there was nothing else for Woodrow Wilson to do but to go to war with Germany—especially if he had written as Mr. Cobb did on January 24, 1917, that when Mr. Wilson declared for a "peace without victory" he "uttered a profound historical truth." But Cobb had vision and ideals. He was the first daily editor to come out after the war against the public hysteria about reds and dissenters, in favor of the old American ideals which have never yet regained the position from which they were driven by the hysteria and the intolerance of war. More than that, he knew, and exercised to the full, the power of reiteration. Once he began on a crusade he could no more be driven from it than a bull-terrier can let go of the tennis ball between his jaws—as witness his extraordinary series of articles on the theft of the Panama Canal, those dealing with Theodore Roosevelt's shortcomings as President, and those treating the insurance scandals. He had, as Woodrow Wilson wrote of him, "a peculiar genius for giving direct and effective expression to the enlightened opinions which he held." His death was an irreparable loss to the *World*.

To its editorial page. Here again writing is not easy and not only because of a valued friendship. Walter Lippmann's abilities are beyond question. His reputation as a speaker and writer grows month by month; his books command a wider and wider public. The skill of his pen is beyond denial. Yet the fact remains that editorially the *World* is much weaker. There appears to be not only a lack of driving force, but often an inability to take a position and hold it through to its logical end. Too often it charges right up to the breastworks and then slowly retreats or even yields its arms and its entire position. Again, it sometimes abandons its historic principles. I am well aware of Heywood Broun's sentiment: "You cannot run today's newspaper by assuming what some dead man would have done if he still walked the earth." Surely a dead man's hand should not control; but if his fixed principles were the points of the compass by which he successfully steered his course, those fixed principles are as good forty years after his death as when he was alive. If there is to be a new chart and a new course that is another matter. But newspaper principles, like those of individuals, should be fixed. There will always be new problems and positions, new ways of approach, but the point of attack should remain the same.

So it was profoundly disconcerting to have the *World* haul down the flag of uncompromising opposition to all tariffs save for revenue only and to find it falling for the childish economics of Al Smith, who declared that if elected "it will be the prime aim and prime purpose of a Democratic administration to extend the benefit of tariff favors to all classes, and to spread prosperity generally throughout the United States," while at the same moment he promised to put an end to the tariffs sheltering "extortion and favoritism." Yet the *World* actually hailed this nonsense in these words:

> Governor Smith has offered something more than a mere tariff prescription. He offers a pledge of full and free economic opportunity to labor, industry, commerce,

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and agriculture alike. . . . Governor Smith offers a plan for eliminating the existing evils and abuses while at the same time presenting wider opportunities for prosperity.

But the *World* is not content to take two positions; it can sometimes take three or four. To quote Broun again, "So constant were the shifts during the Sacco-Vanzetti case that the paper seemed like an old car going up a hill." Then there was the battle for the child-labor amendment to the Constitution. On June 4, 1924, the *World* declared that it (the amendment) should not have become necessary, "but it has become necessary because the United States Supreme Court, by a close decision in each case, has denied the right of Congress either to use its taxing power to this end or its power to regulate industry or commerce. . . . In form the amendment is as it should be . . . there should be little objection to ratification." On August 25 it was still true to the faith, declaring that "the regulation of child labor should be a State function, but the truth is the States have shown themselves incapable of handling it. The sudden growth of textile factories in the South has had too much influence on a number of State legislatures." On December 8 of the same year the second thought came. Again the *World* admits the magnitude of the evils, but, "after careful consideration, has come to the conclusion that it [the federal amendment] is not necessary and may be highly undesirable." It was kind enough to add that "in opposing the ratification . . . the *World* recognizes the educative effect . . . of the campaign for the amendment itself." On January 29, 1925, it recorded the death of the child-labor amendment and declared that the opponents of child labor should now "in our opinion concentrate on the States," quite forgetting that it had pronounced the States "themselves incapable of handling it." Time has at least shown the correctness of the latter opinion.

That year of 1924 was a thoroughly bad one for the *World's* editorial page. In April, very much worried about the possibility of John W. Davis becoming Democratic candidate for President, it called him "the ablest conservative lawyer in the party," and declared that if the party were not looking for a conservative it would not for an instant consider Mr. Davis's name. It felt that "Mr. Davis as President would have too many difficult problems of conscience to handicap him." By the end of July, Davis having been nominated, it was sneering about the intolerance of those who voiced its own April views, who, like the *World* in that month, condemned John W. Davis "before he has had a chance to open his mouth." This violent prejudging of Mr. Davis, it opined, "will injure him far less than it will injure the cause of liberalism." It had previously declared, after the nomination, that his was "as spontaneous a popular choice as any convention has ever made . . . his friends and followers can accept with enthusiasm the leadership of John W. Davis." By October it discovered that his admirable personal qualities "are combined with an experience in government, law, business, and diplomacy that has marked him for years as a man of Presidential size." As for Mr. La Follette, he was quite as bad as Ramsay MacDonald, the same Ramsay MacDonald that the *World* has been praising to the skies since he became Prime Minister and offered to move for disarmament in consultation with Mr. Hoover. In 1924 MacDonald was a "disaster both for Labor and for the Liberals, plus a triumph for the Conservatives. . . . Mr. MacDonald has burnt down the progressive house to roast the Liberal pig." Of course La Follette in his campaign exhibited in the eyes of the *World* "every folly and weakness which conservatism could desire, the same ambition [as MacDonald's] to rule or ruin, the same far-fetched, ill-informed theorizing, the same top-lofty self-satisfaction, the same inevitable but unconscious assistance to reaction."

Whoop-la! Four years later the *World* was even more enthusiastic about Al Smith. It discovered that his homely speech reminded it of Gladstone, Balfour, and Asquith, for it had "some qualities of this parliamentary oratory." When the last New York mayoralty campaign came on the *World* was at least consistent, though entirely confused. Thus, it would not support Norman Thomas though it had "no hesitation in saying that he expresses the only intelligent opposition to Tammany. . . ." Independent voters might support him, it said, with a good conscience. Indeed, it rather urged them to vote for Thomas, and it hoped that his vote would be large enough "to show that the State is lost to the Democracy if the Democracy does not hasten to win back the independents"—as if there were the slightest possibility of Tammany being affected by any such argument. Any independent who voted for Walker or La Guardia would, the *World* said, "waste his vote." But for itself it would, like the *Times,* "take no definite stand"! Finally, it said that if the contest were a real one with a chance of La Guardia's winning, the *World* would at once urge the election of Walker as the lesser of the two evils. It is all very well to talk about the dead hand; that rests very lightly on the *World* of today when such stuff can appear on its editorial page. Certainly if Joseph Pulitzer is aware of it in another sphere it must cause him the sharpest pain.

And so on and so forth. All through the contest against American imperialism, against which the old *World* stood foursquare, this same twisting and turning is to be found. As to Nicaragua it has blown hot and cold, and it took no lead in the fight to free Haiti of government by, for, and with our marines. It even supported the fifteen-cruiser bill on the naive theory that if an international agreement is to be made "the United States must enter the conference with enough ships laid down, appropriated for, and authorized to convince the naval authorities abroad that limitation is necessary and desirable . . . the conclusion is . . . inescapable that the influence that the United States can hope to exert . . . is very largely dependent upon its strength as a naval Power." The London conference has given the full answer to this policy of bluffing your adversary while publishing abroad the fact that you are out for bluffing, with the result that we are faced with the possibility of adding a billion dollars worth of additional ships to our armaments. The long series of articles in which Mr. Lippmann belabored the conference during its sessions illustrates clearly the difficulties under which the *World's* editorial page labors. They were extraordinarily learned, very well written, but so clever as to be Machiavellian in their finesse. One feels that there is something metaphysical about it all; that here is a special pleader weaving his web with singular skill, but enticing nobody. One longs for the straightforward slashing of Cobb, his clear-cut analyses, and his going to the heart of the thing, to the principles involved; one longs for less dialectics and more straight thrusting from the shoulder. Finally, it is a commentary upon where the *World's* policy leads that

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in playing into the admirals' hands by supporting the cruiser bill it helped to make them so arrogant and pestiferous that the *World* has finally come to an almost hysterical demand that President Hoover should make them shut up and stand aside. There are so few newspaper editorial pages left in America which retain the critical faculty that it is really a great misfortune when one which has so long exercised admirably the critic's role, which can examine and analyze and dissect a politician's speech or argument with genuine intelligence and with very considerable background, should fail in the quality of its criticizing. Most of the editorial pages of today are written by yes-men who always approve whatever the man in authority says. The *World* has, fortunately, never come to this.

Only one other point. When Charles E. Hughes was nominated it jumped into the breach by saying that his appointment "has been received with universal approval . . . he is ideally suited to the office." But the liberals whom the *World* ought to lead looked at the situation differently. Had there been one week longer in which to fight, Mr. Hughes would have been defeated. As it was, he had a close call, instead of "universal approval." Call it what one will, this sort of thing is neither liberalism nor leadership. And so the simple fact is that in a growing city the circulation of the morning *World* was 51,000 less on April 1, 1930, than on October 1, 1924, and the Sunday circulation 17,000 less for the same period; the advertising lineage has dropped in greater proportion.

The remedy? It is easily stated. The question was once put to me by one high in the Pulitzer organization. My answer was: Make the *World* as admirable a paper as the St. Louis Pulitzer daily, the *Post-Dispatch*. What Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., has done there can be repeated in New York. It requires similarly able managers and a fixed editorial course, steadily steered in unequivocal fashion, with no twistings in the wake. I have listened to many arguments as to whether the Baltimore *Sun* or the *Post-Dispatch* is the finest liberal daily in America. There is no need to decide the question. The point is that the New York *World* is not regarded as being in their class and there is no earthly reason why it should not be. It has a greater field, a greater opportunity, as fine a tradition, and heaven knows that American journalism never needed the leadership the *World* used to give as much as it needs it today. Until the *World* renews that leadership, liberal causes in America will suffer and the keen anxiety felt by its friends will not die down.

Japan and the Naval Pact

By K. K. KAWAKAMI

TESTIFYING on the London naval treaty before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations the other day, Secretary Stimson gallantly said: "I take off my hat to the Japanese government in this treaty." He had in mind the great courage that was required of the Cabinet at Tokio in accepting the London agreement in the teeth of the solid opposition of the navy. There is no doubt that the treaty, so far as it affected Japan, was made possible largely by ignoring the theories and contentions advanced by her naval experts. There is reason to believe that ex-Premier Wakatsuki, head of the Japanese delegation, approved the celebrated Reed-Matsudaira understanding without consulting his naval advisers. Evidently he and Matsudaira acted upon the theory that America would be faithful to the Kellogg pact, and that Japan's acceptance of a naval arrangement satisfactory to the United States would contribute toward the improvement of the Pacific situation. They hoped, perhaps, that the good feeling thus created might even help solve the vexed problem born of the American immigration act of 1924. With such beliefs and such hopes the civilian members of the Japanese delegation cast the die, and virtually confronted their naval colleagues with a *fait accompli*.

To appreciate the real significance of this bold step taken by Wakatsuki and Matsudaira we must note the prerogative long enjoyed by the army and the navy in Japan's political organization. In our government the Minister of the Army has always been a general and the Minister of the Navy an admiral, both in active service. Technically, neither is responsible to the Prime Minister or the Cabinet, much less to the Diet, in so far as they deal with matters of national defense, but both are responsible directly to the throne. Neither the army nor the navy, accordingly, is under the direct control of the Cabinet except that appropriations for national defense must be initiated by the Cabinet and approved by the Diet. They are controlled, respectively, by the army and the navy ministers and by the chiefs of the General Staff and of the General Board. Theoretically, the two ministers are not required to resign with the Cabinet, though as a matter of fact they are obliged to follow the example of their civilian colleagues in a cabinet crisis.

At the time-honored tradition of military control of defense the present Hamaguchi Cabinet and its civilian representatives at London have dealt a blow by accepting an agreement strenuously objected to by the navy. Replying to an interpellation from the Opposition in the House of Representatives, Premier Hamaguchi virtually declared that the Cabinet, and not the army and the navy ministers alone, nor the chiefs of the army and navy general staffs, was responsible for national defense. Plainly, the declaration was a challenge to the prerogative long enjoyed by the army and the navy. It may even prove a step toward the appointment of civilians to the portfolios of the army and the navy —a revolutionary change in Japan's political organization.

Japan's thesis at London was a peculiar mixture of liberal and reactionary ideas. It was liberal in so far as it advocated reduction and not mere limitation. It was reactionary in that it claimed for Japan 70 per cent of the auxiliary-craft tonnage allocated to the biggest navy in the Pacific. Had she concentrated upon the first point, and called upon the Powers to prove their fidelity to the Kellogg pact by substantial reduction in their respective tonnages, her voice would have rung through the world and she would have become the recognized champion of the disarmament

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movement. But her demand for 70 per cent, however justifiable from the naval standpoint, vitiated her admirable advocacy of reduction and compromised her otherwise enviable moral position.

In the early stages of the discussion Japan felt that the cruiser tonnage tentatively allocated to Great Britain and the United States was too great, and that it should be scaled down in conformity to the professed aim of reduction. But of course she was powerless to secure any change in the figures agreed on. The only point which she thought still open to discussion was the ratio of 60 per cent allocated to her, quite arbitrarily, as she saw it, by Anglo-American understanding.

The result was the provisions developing from the now celebrated Reed-Matsudaira conversations. What are those provisions, which created such a furor and turmoil in Japan? First, they allow Japan 60 per cent of American tonnage in eight-inch-gun cruisers, whereas she considers 70 per cent her irreducible minimum compatible with safety. Secondly, they give Japan 70 per cent in six-inch-gun cruisers and destroyers, whereas she would have taken 60 per cent in these categories. Thirdly, in submarines they give her 52,700 tons on a basis of parity with the United States and Great Britain, while she thinks something between 70,000 and 80,000 tons her minimum requirement, irrespective of what America may choose to build. She is still convinced that sixty or seventy submarines are absolutely needed to defend her long chain of numerous islands.

Secretary Stimson has told the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations that "our problem was to ask Japan to stand still for six years and let us build past her." That is quite true, but it is not so much the "standing still" which irritates Japan as the ratio which her navy thinks has been arbitrarily fixed for her. Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, chairman of the Navy General Board, testifying before the same committee, insisted that Japan's ratio should not be higher than 60 per cent of American force, and said: "If any differences should arise which might result in war or threatened war between the United States and Japan, we would *necessarily* have to carry the campaign into Japanese waters."

When Senator Reed reminded the admiral that even with the higher ratio Japan could not invade America, the admiral agreed with him, but added: "But we should lose the war." I am afraid the chairman of the General Board has let the cat out of the bag. He has implicitly admitted and confirmed the Japanese suspicion that America's naval policy in the Pacific is offensive, that its objective is to invade Japanese waters in time of war, that the American navy can conquer Japan if Japan's ratio is held down, as he thinks it should be, to 60 per cent of American force. No doubt our Japanese navalists will hail him as an unexpected champion for their consistent demand for 70 per cent!

It has long been plain, and the Senate hearings have made it plainer, that America's naval aim in the Pacific is twofold: first, to defend the Philippines, and second, to protect American interests in China, which interests are usually called by the less mundane name of the "open door." This raises the question whether force should be considered the only or a justifiable means of attaining these aims, especially after America made so much of the Kellogg pact.

Now, if the United States is apprehensive of Japan's possible aggression against the Philippines, Japan is no less afraid that the United States will use the Philippines as a base of aggressive operations against her. Let Japan pledge itself not to attack the Philippines, and the United States pledge itself not to use the islands as a base of operations against Japan in case of war, and the naval problem in the Pacific can be made much easier of solution. Japan need not insist upon 70 per cent of American force, nor does America need to be afraid of the Japanese navy as long as it is too small to carry war into American waters.

But there remains the more knotty problem of the open door, or American rights and interests in the Orient, especially in China. It is, perhaps, in this connection that America wants to keep the Philippines rather than for what the islands may in themselves be worth to her. Asked by Senator Black whether Philippine independence, if granted, would lessen American naval responsibilities, Admiral Bristol replied that in any event the United States must have a naval base there. Why? Because America must stand guard over the open door. Admiral Jones, also before the Senate committee, frankly said so.

American ambition to establish and maintain a naval base in the Far East is an old story. Even Admiral Perry, to whom Japan is sincerely grateful, recommended the seizure of a Japanese island as a base for the American fleet. Again, thirty-odd years ago the American navy tried to secure a base on the coast of Fukien Province, China. The scheme, abandoned because of Japanese objection, was revived in 1912 in another form, though this, too, failed to materialize.

The American naval doctrine of the open door is well expressed by one of its exponents, Captain Melvin F. Talbot, in this language:

> Distant battle fleets still mount guard over the trade of the Orient, lest one national appropriate to itself the sole right to buy cheap, sell dear, and lend at high interest in the unsettled markets of the Far East. The policy of the open door rests today on a solemn treaty backed by the fleets at target practice off Chatham and San Pedro.

Strange that it does not occur to the American navalists that other Powers are just as much interested in the open door in the Caribbean or in Central America as the United States is in the open door in the Orient. Suppose we paraphrase the preceding quotation somewhat as follows:

> Distant battle fleets are today powerless to enforce the open door principle in the Caribbean Sea and in Central America, for one nation has long since established hegemony over those regions, and has appropriated to itself the sole right to buy cheap, sell dear, and lend at high interest in a closed market. The closed door under the aegis of the Monroe Doctrine can be opened only when the Powers combine forces in the interest of international fair play.

Surely, such a variation of Captain Talbot's sentences is not entirely impertinent. Yet the sentiment expressed therein is decidedly anachronistic. In these days, when the outlawry of war has come to occupy an important place in international thought, no one but ultra-navalists and ultra-militarists believes the arbitrament of force to be a justifiable means of maintaining one nation's economic interests in another's jurisdiction against such monopolistic policy as may be concocted by a third nation in the same jurisdiction. The only means that conforms to the best spirit of the age

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would be consultation, conciliation, or arbitration such as is envisaged by the Pact of Paris. In any event no single nation has a right to set itself up as the world's sole judge of what constitutes the open door—as the world's only custodian of international justice.

The testimony before the Senate committee is bewildering, discouraging, disquieting. No one listening to these voices can help wondering whether America was sincere in initiating the Kellogg pact or was only jesting when she declared so solemnly that the same pact should be made the starting-point in the deliberations of the London conference. Washington, which six months ago cooed the song of peace, is now singing the hymn of war couched in the naval jargon of tonnage, and gun caliber, and cruising radius, and naval bases, and what not. And the world is at a loss to know which of the two Washingtons represents real America.

American Sports and American Life

By JOHN R. TUNIS

EVERYONE who gets behind the scenes of American sporting life must be struck with the fact that there is amazingly little real sport left in the United States today. Over-organization has throttled the real spirit of sport, the feeling of the game for the game's sake. It has substituted in place of this spirit not merely a desire for victory, but an alarming insistence on winning. Laugh if you will at the misguided idealism which sent our fathers out to die for dear old Yale; at least it was idealism. There is precious little idealism of any sort at present when a squad is asked to go out and die for a $15,000-a-year head coach.

The American attitude toward athletics is simply a part of the general attitude toward life in this country, the belief that civilization consists chiefly in bigger and better Buicks. Who is a success in the United States? The scientist working alone on a cure for some disease that has baffled the research of centuries? The unknown school teacher who struggles toward death on an insufficient salary, without praise, without thanks, without reward, performing year in year out one of the most important tasks in the nation? The country doctor, underpaid, frequently not paid at all, working twenty hours a day? No, the real success in this country is the president of the soap factory, or the man who makes a half-million in half an hour on the stock market. When we wish to know about a man we do not inquire about his character, his intellectual or artistic integrity; we ask what kind of car he drives. "He is a ten-thousand-a-year man."

Notice how this attitude is exactly paralleled in our sport. Decent and sincere sportsmen, of whom there are many thousands in the ranks of the sporting throng, pass unobserved. The unfortunate scrub who takes his punishment each afternoon for the sake of the varsity without benefit of trainers, doctors, rubbers, masseurs, dietitians, and the other indispensables of the star player; the pacemaker for the champion half-miler; the number 4 on the third freshman crew—no one knows or cares about them. Here the success element enters into our sports. What young American cannot name you the two all-American ends, or has not by heart the names and prodigies of our golf and tennis champions? Never mind if the two all-American ends should happen to be known by players the country over as the two dirtiest men in the game, never mind if the champion should be celebrated among his acquaintances as a point pincher without a peer. After all, are they not champions?

To descend from the general to the particular, who got the praise from the mob—Knute Rockne, the Notre Dame coach who turned out a championship eleven that played before a half-million people, made a half-million dollars and a joke of an institution of learning, or Arthur Sampson of Tufts, an unknown coach of a small college in New England, who actually made his men love football and taught them even to enjoy daily practice? Who received the applause and the congratulations—Frank Hunter who, pushed aside at the last minute in an important Davis Cup match by the orders of an ignorant noncombatant superior, refused to sulk but stayed with the team, practicing and encouraging them up to the final minute, or Henri Cochet, the amateur tennis player with sporting-goods stores in Lyons and Paris, who defeated all opponents and became the champion of 1929?

Sitting on the sidelines at a big athletic contest recently, I expressed a timid surprise to the veteran sports reporter beside me at the attitude of the numerous officials. They were as merciless and rude as subway guards at the rush hour; they bellowed and delivered their pronunciamentos with the manners—and the voices—of traffic cops. At my surprised ejaculation when one of these gentry in the white golf pants which are apparently the insignia of the profession was more than necessarily brutal, I was told by my companion: "Aw . . . they hafta be hard-boiled or the game'd get away from 'em." The same excuse the traffic cop gives when he draws the car up to the curb and proceeds to insult the victims to the extent of the traffic-cop vocabulary.

But the closest analogy between American life and American sport is perhaps to be found in our prohibition law. Here is a law which no one obeys or makes any pretense of obeying, a law which was voted for but which everyone openly flouts. Yet the American public, as it tolerates prohibition and its attendant abuses, tolerates our ridiculous system of amateurism with exactly the same faults. The hypocrisy is as apparent in the one case as the other.

Thus with prohibition we have federal authorities often cognizant of bootlegging trips, policemen on duty enjoying their liquor with the rest of the citizenry, wet goods smuggled in at every turn and on every frontier, and all the other amazing paradoxes of this law. So, too, in sport, you have an amateur law voted for by the constituted majority and upheld by no one. The governors of the various sports know perfectly well that the athletes are taking money on the side; the recent Carnegie report showed many of the football players in the colleges to be as plainly bought and paid for as the players on the New York Giants. And as you have liquor smuggled into the country you have athletes smuggled into the colleges and paid to stay there. All this the heads

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of the colleges know; but they subscribe to the subterfuges by which the athletes are rewarded because—well, because it is good publicity for Dear Old Blank to have a winning team. The officials of the various sporting associations may be said to correspond to the policemen; they know that the athletes under their aegis are breaking the amateur law in a dozen ways every day; but they do nothing, for if the champion is disqualified there will be no crowd to watch the championships, and if there is no crowd there will be no gate.

Of course, a few hundred courageous sporting writers could do something toward influencing public opinion; but they seldom say anything, for like the politician who votes dry and makes money out of being wet, they too can draw a profit from the established order. "Huh, call that kid an amateur!" "Football . . . a great, commercialized spectacle." These are the remarks you hear the sports writer make but do not often see in print. The current belief that all is for the best in American life has him choked intellectually. "Don't Sell America Short." So they don't sell America short—not, as is commonly supposed, because they are afraid for their jobs, but because anyone who is not a booster in stocks and sports today is looked on with intense suspicion. "Be constructive," says some jackass, which rendered into the vernacular means "Be flattering." And they are.

The sports and athletics that we get, then, are not only the sports we deserve, they are the sports that a materialistic civilization would naturally bring in its train. You may not like the American idea of sports; but it suits the moving-picture masses, the Army–Notre Dame game thousands, to a T. After all, one shouldn't be pessimistic about these things. In a few hundred years some changes in our civilization and in our athletics are more than likely. And besides, didn't we break all possible track and field records, and records in every sport, during 1929? Didn't we get crowds of 110,000 out to see the big games? Didn't we sell more golf balls and polo sticks than any other nation last year? Something wrong with American sport? Come, come, don't be sacrilegious.

Atlanta's Communists

By WALTER WILSON

Atlanta, June 10

SIX young Communists are held incomunicado without bail in Atlanta for trial, June 19, on charges carrying the death penalty. Their crime was to hold an unemployment meeting of white and black workers and later a protest meeting against the Sherman (Texas) lynchings. They are held under an archaic law originally aimed at slave uprisings.

In 1833 an act was passed by the Georgia legislature to guard against possible insurrection of slaves and "free persons of color." At the end of the Civil War agitators in the Southern States began raising the question of Negro rights. Friends of the Negro, many of them ex-slaves who had traveled the "underground railroad," came South intent upon turning the proclaimed emancipation of the slaves into fact and upon making the Negro fully cognizant of his new prerogatives. In North Carolina a Negro minister from Connecticut, together with a native Carolinian, organized an Equal Rights League and started a newspaper at Raleigh. Georgia also was invaded by the agitators, and the ex-slaves were singing: "We ain't agwine ter hoe the white fo'ks co'n no mo." The whites were alarmed. Stories of rape, arson, murder, and insurrection circulated in the press. A constitutional convention, meeting in 1865 at Milledgeville, Georgia, then the State capital, authorized the appointment of a commission to draw up tentative regulations establishing the relations of freedmen to the rest of society. In 1866 the legislature enacted the Freedmen's (Black) Code, denying suffrage to freedmen and applying to them the insurrection laws of 1833, and also punishing agitators, both white and black, who attempted to enlighten the freedmen concerning their constitutional rights.

Only one case ever came into court under the insurrection acts of 1866. In 1868 "John T. Gibson, a 'free person of color,' a preacher, was charged with an attempt to incite an insurrection by encouraging his congregation to attempt to rescue one Charles Fryer from jail." He was convicted without jury recommendation for mercy, and was therefore held liable to the death penalty. The Georgia Supreme Court, however, reversed the lower court on the ground that no penalty was provided for mere attempt to "incite." The legislature of 1871-72 accordingly passed an act prescribing the death penalty for even "inciting to" insurrection. This is the law under which the Communist organizers are on trial for their lives.

The history of the cases in brief is as follows. A meeting of the unemployed was scheduled for Atlanta on March 6 as part of an international unemployed demonstration. Negroes and whites were invited. Because of stormy weather locally, the gathering was postponed until March 9. When the meeting started, police under Captain Fain raided the hall and asked for the "boss." Joseph Carr, eighteen, of Wheeling, West Virginia, and W. M. Powers, twenty-four, of St. Paul, Minnesota, the father of two small children, were arrested and carried to police headquarters, being abused and threatened on the way. Both are Communist Party organizers. Robert H. Hart, a young Emory University student who was presiding at the meeting, asked the audience to wait, stating that their two fellow-workers would return soon. A man who was thought to be a detective threw a tear-gas bomb into the hall in order to break up the meeting.

Meanwhile, the Chief of Police, after talking to Powers and Carr, released them, as he could find nothing to hold them on. They went back to the meeting, but by this time the audience had been driven out of the hall and had congregated near the doorway. The two organizers said: "We have been released and can hold our meeting. Come on in." At this point they were rearrested and held on police evidence for disorderly conduct and throwing a tear-

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gas bomb. Cash bail of $100 each was furnished by Mr. Oliver C. Hancock, attorney for the International Labor Defense.

On March 10 Carr and Powers were tried in the Recorder's Court before Judge Calloway on the original charge and also one of "spieling" (based on a city ordinance forbidding merchants to call customers from the streets into shops). The charges were all dismissed, but the accused were now held on $1,500 each to the Fulton County Grand Jury on the present charge of "attempting to incite insurrection and circulating insurrectionary literature." It was the fertile brain of Assistant Solicitor General John H. Hudson, of Fulton County, which conceived the idea of trying the Communists under the ancient statute. According to a United Press interview of May 31, he "will demand the death penalty for every Communist who comes into the State and publicly preaches their doctrines." Indictments were returned and a date for trial was set, but when Carr and Powers appeared for trial the prosecution announced: "Not ready." The sheriff was ordered to hold the accused without bail because of the possible capital sentence involved. They have been confined in the Fulton County Tower ever since.

On May 21 a local protest meeting against the Sherman (Texas) lynching was called by the American Negro Labor Congress, with Gilmer Brady of New York as the principal speaker. About fifty persons, mostly colored, attended the meeting. Just as Brady began speaking, the meeting was broken up by the police. Six persons were arrested on charges similar to those against Carr and Powers. They included two white girls—Ann Burlak, eighteen, International Labor Defense organizer, from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Mary Dalton, twenty, of New York, organizer for the National Textile Workers' Union; two Negroes—Gilmer Brady, twenty-five, of New York, organizer for the American Negro Labor Congress, and Henry Story, twenty-three, an Atlanta printer; and Julius Klarin and his wife, local whites. On the intercession of a local politician the Klarins were released, though they are still actively carrying on work along the same lines. The grand jury, on May 30, returned indictments against Story, Brady, Miss Burlak, and Miss Dalton, and the trial was set for June 19. At present Joe Carr is in the death cell, while Powers, Brady, Story, Miss Dalton, and Miss Burlak are being held incomunicado—all without bail. The International Labor Defense, whose local attorney is Mr. O. C. Hancock, is in charge of the defense. The American Civil Liberties Union has retained Mr. W. A. McClellan, of Macon, Georgia, to assist. Both attorneys think the situation critical in the extreme because of the issues of religion, race, and "outside meddling" that are almost sure to be introduced into the case. It is to be feared that there will be many difficulties in the way of securing a fair trial.

In the indictment the prisoners are charged with circulating a long list of "insurrectionary" literature which was found either on their persons or in their office, or had been advertised by them. The list includes the "Communist Manifesto," Lenin's "The State and Revolution," and many other books, papers, and pamphlets. Both the "Manifesto" and "The State and Revolution" are in the circulating room of the Atlanta (Carnegie) Public Library, and the "Manifesto" constitutes required reading in a class in social reform in Emory University, located just outside Atlanta in De Kalb County. When this latter fact was called to the attention of Prosecutor Hudson, he intimated that some ground for legal action could probably be whipped into shape against the Emory professor by an alert public attorney.

Meanwhile stories of "communal women, 'nigger' equality, atheism, outside meddlers," and the like are being circulated in Atlanta to inflame the common mind against these six young enthusiasts for promulgating their strange new religion, which includes equality for Negroes and organization for the textile workers of Atlanta. According to Miss Mary Barker, of Atlanta, president of the American Federation of Teachers, Jerome Jones, editor of the Atlanta *Labor Journal,* Carl Karston, secretary of the Atlanta Federation of Trades, and others, the cases are plainly persecutions. "The National Textile Workers' Union was organizing the employees of the Fulton Bag and Cotton Mills here," these laborites say, "and the textile interests became frightened. The same tactics will be used against the American Federation of Labor as sure as we continue in our apathy." The young woman secretary of the local branch of the International Labor Defense has been warned to cease her activities or leave town. Gilmer Brady reports that he has been threatened by police and others that they will get him either way—electric chair if convicted, mob if released.

In connection with these charges, the facts of the arrests deserve attention. In one instance the Communists were arrested before anybody had made a speech. No literature was distributed and there was no incitement to insurrection. In the other, one speech was being made denouncing unemployment. "Atlanta police," says the Macon *Telegraph* (founded in 1826), "could hear the same speech any day in the Senate from the Democratic side. It is no incitement to insurrection."

The *Telegraph* goes on:

> It strikes us that despite the ancient statute the Communists have some rights on their side; they have the rights of free, lawful, orderly assemblage. There is no evidence so far that the meeting was unlawful or disorderly, except as the police made it so. As long as they do not violate such sedition laws as we have, they have a right to speak even to urging membership in the Communist Party.

No matter what the purpose of the statutes of insurrection that still grace the statute books of some Southern States, no matter who is back of the present prosecutions of the Atlanta cases, there is little doubt as to the future role of the laws if the State is successful in using them in the present cases. In 1919 Marvin L. Rich, Charlotte organizer for the United Textile Workers' Union (an American Federation of Labor organization), was indicted under an old North Carolina law of 1868. Soon after the Marion killings last summer, Alfred Hoffman, organizer, and Lawrence Hogan, striker, were indicted under the same act of 1868 for "attempting to overthrow the government of North Carolina." In Atlanta, Georgia, six young Communists held orderly meetings and organized textile workers. For this crime they are being held in rigid imprisonment and threatened with death under an obsolete law of 1866. To what other fields can these old laws be applied? Small wonder that ex-Senator Hardwick, of Georgia, calls them "dangerous."

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter's plea for good bread has not fallen on deaf ears. From Massachusetts one who signs himself, simply but eloquently, A Brother Sufferer, writes as follows:

> You're right about this bakers' "sandwich loaf." The only serious objection I have to your objections is that they are not half virulent and vitriolic enough. When I am served at home with the abominable powdery chaff, I insist on designating it as "dog bread"—albeit I apologize to all dogdom therefor. I'm told that a chap in a small town called Vineyard Haven, in Massachusetts, was given some loaves of it by a grocer friend to feed to his forty-odd pullets. Actually, they all died. In the old town of Edgartown, Massachusetts, those natives whose wives are too lazy to cook are a little better off, for there are so many local, private-home bakeries that the regular bakeshops are obliged, their proprietors ruefully complain, to eschew the ordinary bakers' recipes.
>
> Your article deserves the highest commendation by all those whose epicurean instincts have not quite died. It is splendid to see the signs of revolt appearing among the intelligentsia.

"Do not be mystified, though," continues A Brother Sufferer, "as to why the American public puts up with the most accursed stuff. It is due to the so-called emancipation of women." Well, perhaps it is, but the Drifter fails to see in that recrimination any practical suggestion toward the improvement of our bread. The emancipation of women and the machine age look pretty permanent at this writing. We shall have to achieve good bread in spite of them.

* * * * *

MEANWHILE those who suffer from the lack of good bread will continue to solve the problem by devious ways that lead to Little Italy or to some "little white shop" like that described in a letter from another sympathizer and another New Englander:

> Let me say [says Mrs. Florence L. C. Kitchelt of New Haven] that in our family our bread *is* better than our automobile! Our loaf is as large as a cartwheel and provides excellent motor power—for walking. Nor do we, being busy people, make it ourselves. We buy it at a bakery. It is so heavy that we carry it home on a trolley. It has that highly prized sponginess and chewiness of the grains of the field. It is no processed lily, but a rich brown substance. The people in the trolley-car sniff the air, and look our way.
>
> But this bread is not for the heedless. Only an exploring drifter may hope to find it. Occasionally its imitation is found in shops on Main Street, but beware! It is as different from the genuine as the cowbird's egg in the bluebird's box on our oak tree.
>
> How is it to be acquired? A secret to be disclosed. Pass by the windows of fashion and the big hotel. Trail down the back and unadorned byways where the immigrant Jews live in old houses cheek by jowl with barnlike factories. Amidst the clutter of papers, persons, and pickles shines a little white shop, its windows heaped with every size and shape of breadstuffs, its rear door opening into a room of great ovens. "A five-pound loaf of pumpernickel, please." You will receive a hot and fragrant mound, made of whole wheat and whole rye, its center slices twelve inches long, half as wide, and as thick as you please. A shining brown, seeded, snappy crust serves as an envelope, the whole both grainy and brainy.
>
> The origin of pumpernickel is simple. One lowly Nicholas, a dolt, fell down with a thump, or "pump" as the Teutons have it. So, in the humor of Westphalia, rye bread in all its heftiness was christened after Nicholas. But the Jews have bred a better namesake. It is so good that many a Gentile has adopted it, and the Dean of our Episcopal Divinity School carries home almost daily, for his wife, his children, and his students, that forty-cent mound with a five-pound look.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Quaker Memorial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Chicago, in a competition of 113 architects, recently awarded a prize of $20,000 for the design of a vast war memorial for the shores of Lake Michigan. Harvard, in the *Bulletin,* published for her forward-looking alumni, announces the growth of the fund for the Harvard war memorial. Meanwhile little bronze soldiers carrying little bronze guns guard the Town Hall greens of forty-eight States of the Union, to warn us of America's hourly peril from invasion. In America there is not one completed memorial to commemorate the practical work of peacemakers, or to visualize the spirit of conciliation that stirs in the world today.

The Quakers for a hundred years have been the American pioneers in interpreting the ideal of peace in terms of active good-will, yet no pioneers' monument has been raised to their conquests. The American Society of Friends has a membership of a little more than 100,000 persons. This organization, equivalent in numbers to a small American town, sent 600 volunteers to France in 1917. Its work in village reconstruction, evacuating refugees under heavy shell fire, removing insane to safety, feeding, nursing, buying from our government materials from army dumps to convert into houses, creating and giving to the Department of the Marne the Maternity Hospital of Châlons—all this in a way paralleled the work of the other relief agencies that had begun to make France the center of sympathetic reconstruction. The Friends then turned to Germany, which was under the blackest cloud of hostile suspicion. There they found a terrible food shortage. Jane Addams, Dr. Hamilton, and the Quakers' medical emissary, Dr. Haven Emerson, reported back to the Quakers at home that a large proportion of the child population of Germany was becoming crippled, dwarfed, and tubercular from the diseases of malnutrition. In 1919-20 almost a thousand Friends had rallied to a German child-feeding campaign. The Quakers gathered to themselves and trained a vastly larger force of other volunteer workers to struggle against the rapid advance of starvation.

It was ten years ago, in the summer of 1920, that one million German children were fed each day at the Friends' soup kitchens. When zeal for relief work had faded out everywhere else the Quaker volunteers stayed on, pumping life and blood into the famished bodies of German children and expectant mothers. For six years the spirit that lifted them through these years of grinding labor, combined with great administrative ability, made it possible for this whole child-feeding campaign to be accomplished with the expenditure of only $7,750,000 in money and food supplies. But it was the swiftness and fearlessness of the Friends' decision to go at

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once to Germany in her defeat and humiliation that had a value no one has computed.

President Ebert, thanking the Society of Friends in 1925 in a public address, said:

> Not only have many, many German children been saved from hunger and long illness through . . . material aid, but still greater than this is the moral value of the work. We will never forget that America, against all opposition, reached out to our children the hand of friendliness in the time of greatest need.

A German teacher wrote:

> It will not be easy for you to realize what all this means to us. For years we were cut off from everything; for years . . . nothing . . . but hatred. Now, suddenly, you come to us and show us that behind the world of political strife the real world still exists, the world of brotherhood and love.

Remembering these things, six years ago several Americans —not Quakers—a German artist, a Swiss wood-carver, a Russian metal-worker, began to build a memorial to keep the Quakers' long fight a living memory. An American architect, builder of many libraries, gave his conception of a design for the Altar of Good-Will; the half-fed European carvers gave more work than their commissions required; Samuel Yellin beat out on his anvil symbols of good-will for the Friends. With sweat and rejoicing the building fund grew, dollar by dollar. A Negro poet gave five dollars; the Christus of Oberammergau, from his gaunt old purse, sent more. It was possible to order our bas-relief carvings a little faster from Bavaria. Through lean years and years a little less lean $10,000 was gradually gathered in money and gifts of labor. Now all the original carvings and the metal work for the memorial are finished.

We are almost at the tenth anniversary of the feeding of the children of Germany, when a million cups were held up each day for soup from the Quakers' caldrons. To complete the memorial $7,500 is still lacking. Curiously, this amount is almost exactly one one-thousandth part of what the Quakers spent, in money, upon their child-feeding campaign.

Contributions may be sent to me, care of H. F. Fox, Riverside, Connecticut.

Riverside, Conn., May 23 LOUISE HERRICK WALL

Justice Holmes Dissents

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The rebellion of the Senate in the recent debates on the confirmation of the Hughes and Parker appointments has just been met by a similar outbreak within the domains of the Supreme Court itself. None other than our beloved Mr. Justice Holmes has expressed himself on the court's deification of the Fourteenth Amendment in terms that for bluntness and frankness have no counterpart in the history of American constitutional law.

The occasion for this unprecedented and important declaration was the case of *Baldwin* v. *Missouri,* in which the prevailing opinion of Mr. Justice McReynolds held that the State of Missouri did not have the power, that it was a violation of the "due-process clause," to impose an inheritance tax on a bank account or a negotiable bond or note within the State owned by a non-resident decedent. Justices Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone (would the name of Roberts be found here?) dissented, Mr. Justice Holmes speaking for the dissent in the following scathing language:

> I have not yet adequately expressed the more than anxiety that I feel at the ever-increasing scope given to the Fourteenth Amendment in cutting down what I believe to be the constitutional rights of the States. As the decisions now stand I see hardly any limit but the sky to the invalidating of those rights if they happen to strike a majority of the court as for any reason undesirable. I cannot believe that the amendment was intended to give us carte blanche to embody our economic or moral beliefs in its prohibitions. . . . Of course the words "due process of law" if taken in their literal meaning have no application to this case. . . . We . . . should be slow to construe the clause . . . as committing to the court, with no guide but the court's own discretion, the validity of whatever laws the States may pass.

Is this not refreshing? Such straightforwardness could only come from a man like Holmes. This scintillating opinion will be the polestar for countless opinions to come—and unless the Parker rejection is truly the sign of a new era they will all be dissenting opinions.

New York, May 28 CHARLES LOOKER

"Forceful English"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* some weeks ago Heywood Broun undertook to belittle the Communists by saying they had "only two writers of forceful English in America."

On important counts this is unworthy of Heywood Broun and violates the liberal tradition under which he proceeds. I could imagine that the poverty of the "commies" in the respect indicated is explained by an insufficient budget. No one knows better than you that expert writers and jesters of the fancy variety are for hire; even that they will leave particular adherencies in flocks for higher pay, as witness the Hearst-Pulitzer war when whole staffs migrated to the ocherous banners of the Western marauder. And this is by no means meant as a reflection upon the good names of the baneful one of the world today and the smaller fry of "independent" thinkers who through investment interests find less difficulty in developing the personal point of view.

When all is said what is "forceful English"? In writing that is perhaps better understood by those more immediately concerned, namely, the unemployed, the Communists are explaining unemployment as due to withholding, beyond the need and application of development capital, from producers and their useful colaborers the surplus value of production. I protest that they are saying something forceful.

Provincetown, Mass., June 1 BRUCE ROGERS

The Last, Worst Month

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial comment on the sad case of John Santanella who attempted to escape from Sing Sing so near the expiration of his sentence brings to mind the following passage from Stendhal's "Love":

> If there were any period at which, according to vulgar theories, called reasonable ones by ordinary people, prison can be bearable, it would be when, after several years of confinement, a poor prisoner is only separated by a month or two from the moment at which he is to regain his liberty. But *crystallization* [the italics are Stendhal's] ordains otherwise. The last month is worse than the previous three years. At Melun prison M. d'Hotelans has seen several long-term prisoners die of impatience within a few months of the day which was to give them back their liberty.

North Rose, N. Y., May 26 L. J. SALTER

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Posthumous Libel

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In *The Nation* of May 28 Mr. Villard, in his review of the Means book, uses the words "were there libel laws to protect the dead in this country as abroad." Whatever may be the law of the District of Columbia to which he refers, that of New York is very clear. Section 1340 of the Penal Law provides as follows (italics mine):

> A malicious publication, by writing, printing, picture, effigy, sign, or otherwise than by mere speech, which exposes any living person, *or the memory of any person deceased,* to hatred, contempt, ridicule, or obloquy, or which causes, or tends to cause any person to be shunned or avoided, or which has a tendency to injure any person, corporation, or association of persons, in his or their business or occupation, is a libel.

New York, May 28 Benjamin Tuska

An English Subscriber Speaks

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As an English subscriber, I follow your comments on things British with added interest. Your attitude on India, I beg to submit, shows a lack of appreciation of the realities of the situation and also an absence of knowledge of even the most salient points of Indian development since the war which are surprising.

Again, on page 613 of your issue of May 28, you give a wholly wrong impression of the Egyptian situation. The Egyptians have no share in the administration of the Sudan; they want it, and that is the crux of the whole matter. The British are endeavoring to lead the Sudanese to self-government (or are dominating them, as you would put it) and share the administration with them to a small degree. The Sudanese and the Egyptians are separate races and that is what your comment fails to appreciate.

New York, May 25 E. Williamson

Soldier and Newspaperman

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The marine officer mentioned in Mr. Villard's article on the Associated Press is General F. E. Evans, commandant of the Garde d'Haïti as well as the correspondent in Haiti for the Associated Press.

While I do not uphold the practice of having a partisan act as a newspaper correspondent there is something to be said in favor of General Evans. Although he was often charged with the duty of arresting Haitian newspapermen and other political offenders he performed this function without the usual odiousness that characterizes police action. Under General Evans's command the Garde d'Haïti has earned the respect of a large body of anti-Occupationists.

A few weeks ago I visited Haiti on a newspaper mission. When I met General Evans I found a well-mannered, sensible fellow. He did not assume any military arrogance, and in his answers to queries gave uncolored information which did not always vindicate the Occupation. General Evans's A. P. dispatches carried no animus; they drew a picture of Haiti which, if it was incomplete, was as accurate as he could make it. I believe that he displayed inordinate honesty and fairness in his treatment of Haitians—considering, of course, his oath to the American government and his high office in the gendarmerie. One of the warmest impressions made by any person in Haiti came from this officer. It is to the credit of the Occupation that such a gentleman was placed in charge of prisons, communications, traffic, military intelligence, and fire control.

Incidentally, General Evans is as much a newspaperman as a soldier. He formerly was on the staff of the New York *Sun*.

New York, May 15 Don Glassman

I am a modern, sophisticated person, yet

I AM AFRAID OF HELL.

And so are you!

The fear of Hell was driven into us, and only a full, free, and outspoken discussion of the whole religious question can save the coming generation from our fear. For that reason I hail with joy the bravest, most pungent and powerful book in years:

TREATISE ON THE GODS

By H. L. MENCKEN

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Contributors to This Issue

K. K. Kawakami is the Washington correspondent of the Osaka *Mainichi.*

John R. Tunis is a sports writer for the New York *Evening Post.*

Walter Wilson is a Southerner who has made a special investigation of the Atlanta Communist cases for the American Civil Liberties Union.

Stanley J. Kunitz is the author of a volume of poems, "Intellectual Things."

Granville Hicks is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Eda Lou Walton is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

E. Boyd Barrett, author of "While Peter Sleeps," was a member of the Jesuit order for twenty years.

Horace Gregory will publish this fall "Chelsea Rooming House," a book of verse.

George E. G. Catlin has recently published "A Study of the Principles of Politics."

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Books, Films, Drama

Skull of Ecstasy

By STANLEY J. KUNITZ

Five dewy russets and a hill's sweet curve
Burst in his forehead with a rainbow-spray
Of atoms; tender phantoms of the nerve
Melted in unrevolving light one day.

Now that his heart is quiet, let him climb
Over and under the mind; catch in his skein
The shapes of things interior to time,
Hewn out of chaos when the Pure was plain.

Used bees with golden bellies ripped, be still.
The bitter spider ravels out his wit
Deep in the grated dungeon of the eye
Where old gods shaggy with gray lichen sit
Like fragments of the antique masonry
Of heaven: snared by five russets and a hill.

Emerson Mauroisized

Emerson: The Enraptured Yankee. By Régis Michaud. Translated from the French by George Boas. Harper and Brothers. $4.

THIS, I suppose, is a good biography of its kind. It impressed the Abbé Dimnet, M. Edouard Herriot, and M. Henri Bergson, whose tributes are carried on its jacket; and Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn writes an approving preface for it. The book, indeed, reveals admirable narrative skill; its portraits and incidents are handled dramatically and vividly; its prose is graceful and sometimes affecting. M. Michaud, I doubt not, has read his Emerson through, and he reveals a knowledge of minor figures and of our national mind and history that in a Frenchman is remarkable.

The very first sentence, however, warns us that our biography is to be discreetly fictionized, that M. Michaud is a disciple of his compatriot M. Maurois:

> In Boston, two steps from the house of Benjamin Franklin, on May 25, 1803 (one year before the coronation of Napoleon at Notre Dame), the blue eyes of a little boy opened to the light. May—the late and violent spring of America! Pink maple buds give place to pretty triangular leaves. The elm (*Ulmus americanus*) sways in the wind its harps and lyres. The bluebird, arriving with the snowflakes of the last blizzard, has begun to make its nest under the roof of the old shed. The American thrush tunes its flute in the cedars. The American redbreast . . .

And so on. And a few pages farther on more of the same:

> On an Indian summer night flooded with lingering warmth, serenity, beauty, abandon, mirage, when the fields of New England were full of goldenrod and when maple woods were more resplendent than the purple of kings, Ralph was conceived.

M. Michaud appears to have had unusual sources of information. Had he consulted the family physician? Did he secure that day's weather reports to make sure the night was not rainy and chilly?

This purple padding, when it is done with caution and skill, as it often is by a Strachey, may have its own attraction, but there are two serious objections to it: it contributes nothing essential to the knowledge of the intelligent reader (who can fill in his own birds and weather), and it may lead that reader to distrust a biography through his inability to know exactly when an author is reporting reasonably well-established facts and when he is merely drawing upon his imagination. One's suspicions of M. Michaud's biography in particular increase when one observes the liberties that he sometimes takes with chronological order. One would gather the impression from this volume, for example, that Margaret Fuller edited the *Dial* after her work on the *Tribune,* and that Fort Sumter was fired on toward the end of the Civil War.

More serious is the patronizing tone that M. Michaud consistently takes toward his subject. He is not above cheap witticisms at Emerson's expense. Thus when the sage was in Paris during the revolution of 1848 he was "slightly intoxicated" by the city: "It gave him the effect of lemon soda, the equivalent of champagne for a Yankee." When Emerson lectures in the West, he is an "intrepid peddler of the ideal," and so on. The Emerson that emerges from these pages, in brief, is grievously diluted. His ideas are sometimes watered down to the point where they lose all meaning and savor. What we get is an amusing and sometimes touching portrait of a Yankee transcendentalist, full of dreams and naive optimism; what we miss is any profound recognition of Emerson's significance either as a literary artist or as a philosophic force.

Slovenly proofreading has been responsible for such errors as Carlisle for Carlyle, defied for deified, casualty for causality.

HENRY HAZLITT

Mystery and Mystification

The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson. By Genevieve Taggard. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

THE position which Mrs. Bianchi takes—that the world has no right to know the identity of Emily Dickinson's lover and that the desire to learn his name is merely a matter of cheap curiosity—is, as has been said before and as must be said again and again, extraordinarily objectionable. It assumes both that an artist may be regarded as family property and that the facts of an artist's life are irrelevant to the appreciation of his work. The first assumption is arrogant and stupid. The second might possibly be defended, but surely not by one who has written a biography of the poet in question. If any fact of Emily Dickinson's life is important to the world in general, it is precisely the fact that Mrs. Bianchi makes such a show of concealing. To understand the growth of the poet's mind we need to know something of the mind of the man whom she loved and renounced. If Mrs. Bianchi knows his name she is under heavy obligations to reveal it. If she does not she should admit her ignorance and lend her assistance to every earnest effort to discover the truth. Her present attitude, which apparently involves complete unwillingness to cooperate with a biographer of independent spirit, is a monstrous barrier to the intelligent appreciation and criticism of the poet whose apostle Mrs. Bianchi asserts herself to be.

One result of this obstructionist attitude is apparent in Genevieve Taggard's "'Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson." It has forced Miss Taggard, whose gifts and interests would normally limit her functions to those of the interpretative critic and biographer, to become a literary Hawkshaw, and it has made her book, which would otherwise be unified in tone and purpose, a combination of creative character portrayal and pedantic sleuthing. The results of the sleuthing are, no doubt, interesting, and they may briefly be summarized. A friend of

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the Dickinsons, who insists that her name be concealed, swears that she was told by Lavinia Dickinson, Maggie the servant, and Mrs. A. B. H. Davis that the man Emily loved was the Reverend George Gould. Another person, also anonymous, states that Lavinia told her the same. Aside from these assertions, Miss Taggard's case for Gould closely resembles that which Josephine Pollitt made for Lieutenant Hunt, and the evidence is no stronger in one case than the other. Miss Taggard has not disposed with any certainty of either Lieutenant Hunt or the Reverend Charles Wadsworth, and her minute examination of all records connected with Dr. Gould has failed to find any confirmation of her correspondents' claims. The strongest defense of her position lies in the fact that one can see little chance that her authorities could be mistaken and no reason for their lying.

So much has to be said about the question of Emily's lover because, until it is settled, that question has an interest out of proportion to its intrinsic importance. Nevertheless, it should be made clear that Miss Taggard's book, in even greater degree than Miss Pollitt's, derives its value from qualities other than the accuracy of its detective work. It is more successful than Miss Pollitt's book, both in its evocation of Emily's life and in its criticism of her poetry. The attempt to define the attitude which lay behind the poetry is suggestive if not wholly satisfying, and Miss Taggard's remarks on specific themes and methods are uncommonly discerning. As a whole the book is by far the best that we have on Emily Dickinson. There is perhaps only one person who could improve on it, and that is Genevieve Taggard herself if she were given the proper resources, including all available data on Emily's life and the manuscripts of her poems.

One's attention comes back in the end to Mrs. Bianchi. The situation is this: apparently less than half of Emily Dickinson's poems have been published; those that have been published have been edited arbitrarily and perhaps stupidly; important facts regarding her life have been concealed. This is a situation so appalling as to be almost ridiculous. Here is America's greatest poet, and here is a large and appreciative audience for her poetry placed entirely at the mercy of a woman who, much evidence goes to show, is unworthy of such a responsibility. In countries whose inhabitants are both more demonstrative and more deeply concerned about literature than we there would be riots and mass meetings. In the United States we calmly invite Mrs. Bianchi to be the principal speaker at centennial celebrations.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Pleasant Poetry

Fire for the Night. By Babette Deutsch. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.
Fifty Poems. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
The Wind in the Cedars. By Glenn Ward Dresbach. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

IF poetry is a skilful manipulation of words and meter, an ability to paint word pictures, if poetry is an easily composed and pleasantly read lyricism and very little else, then Babette Deutsch, Lord Dunsany, and Glenn Ward Dresbach are authentic poets. If, on the other hand, poetry is passionate realization of experience, if it is interpretative of contemporary scenes or of any milieu, if it is the sincere expression of emotion, then these are not authentic poets. Of the three Miss Deutsch has the largest range, although Lord Dunsany is equally skilful in technique. All three write the type of verse, popularly defined as poetry, most frequently printed in magazines, most acceptable to publishers because it soothes and it sells. It is a kind of somniferous eloquence which lulls the senses and the mind. One reads it; it sounds well, but it means very little. It is too facile and too completely apart from any complete realization, emotional or intellectual. Of strikingly original poetry, poetry arising out of necessity, most readers are afraid; of this familiar and pleasant poetry they are not afraid at all. They find it expressive of their momentary moods and completely unilluminating of life. And this is what they choose when they choose poetry at all.

But the results of this type of verse-writing are rather appalling. After reading a few such pleasant books of verse one reaches the conclusion that a poem may be composed by picking out and combining stanzas of poems by various poets. Here is such a poem from stanzas written by the three poets under scrutiny. Suppose we call it The Heart at Autumn Season.

Gray among dead leaves deep
The sad November fires
Burn in the land asleep
All among old desires.

And rested there, the rover,
Safe with that shape alone,
Unharmed, unfrightened, over
The gentle heart of stone.

The crimson leaf has fallen
After the shining thing
That slid from it and glistened
Down like a silver wing.

So in this autumn of our love,
My heart, night being at its noon,
Woke, startled, and began to move
On the cold roadways of the moon.

All this is a little unfair, but one can grow so tired of mere words: "pines that cool the grass with shadow spray . . . under a hot sky as blue as Persian tile"; "afternoon edges toward evening like a tired stallion snuffing the yellow grain that the road spreads before the bin of sunset"—all very pretty, all very fanciful, but not very important. Miss Deutsch has, in her volume, some poems original in their conception—Pithecanthrope, for example, or the *Nation* prize poem, Thoughts at Year's End—but one wishes there were more of those and fewer like this:

NARCISSUS

Pale as translucent wax, intense and frail,
Whiteness of stars, poised in immaculate flame,
Ivory fire, unflickeringly the same,
Holding a cup red-rimmed; the elfin Grail
Wherefore the sons of Oberon wear mail,
And vainly,—O rapt flower, whose antique name
Remembers beauty loving without shame
Its own adorable image doomed to fail!

O incense-breath'd, dove-breasted flame, O star
Caught in a trance of sweetness still as frost,
Shall then your candid perfectness be lost,
Fade, wither, drop away, and leave no scar
Even, to show what's gone, nor petulant ghost,
Unhoused with innocency's avatar?

"Caught in a trance of sweetness" is exactly a definition of this kind of verse.

And from the West, a stern, dramatic land, Mr. Dresbach writes simpering lyrics like this:

When a spring goes dry in the desert
More than the spring is lost,
Death creeps in the little willows,
Sands fill the trails that crossed.

Doves come and blink in wonder
To find no silver pool—
Only the cracked bowl, only
The cattle that stare and drool.

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Such rhythm would ruin any serious poem. As for Lord Dunsany, whose literary reputation in general is high, he is, as a poet, still in the tradition of the minor English poets and without great originality. For example:

IN A WILD-ROSE GARDEN

An evening like an opal,
The air one scent of May,
A nightingale beginning
To practice at his lay.

A moth along a laneway
Of air goes like a ghost,
A sense grows deeper round me
Of something, near, but lost.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Jesuits

The Power and Secrets of the Jesuits. By René Fülöp-Miller. Translated by F. S. Flint and D. F. Tait. The Viking Press. $5.

MR. FÜLÖP-MILLER seems to have grasped the wisdom of the Jesuit Gracian's maxims: "Leave others in doubt about your attitude . . . what is likely to bring disfavor get others to do" (p. 472); for he leaves readers uncertain regarding his real views on most of the great questions connected with Jesuitism. Did Jesuits hold that the end justifies the means? Mr. Fülöp-Miller will only say that Jesuits did not "coin the maxim" and that "many Jesuit casuists hold that to whomsoever the end is permitted must also the necessary means be allowed, yet the qualification is always added that wrongful means are always to be deprecated" (p. 153). Did the Jesuits obey or disobey the brief, "Dominus ac Redemptor," by which Clement XIV suppressed the society in 1773? Mr. Fülöp-Miller shirks this question also, and contents himself with stating that "the Society of Jesus, notwithstanding all royal edicts and papal briefs, did not for one moment cease to exist" (p. 384). Only in regard to non-controversial matters such as art and literature does the author express himself clearly, as when he states that in these fields the Jesuits produced "only a few men of talent" (p. 424), and that "Jesuit literary criticism frequently bases its estimate of great imaginative writers not so much on their creative power as on their religious faith" (p. 465).

The most interesting parts of this book are concerned with the picturesque exploits of Xavier, de Nobili, Ricci, Marquette, Possevino, and Parsons, the great Jesuit missionaries and "political conspirators" (p. 26). But their exploits have been already recorded a thousand times, and in any case they are rather indicative than explanatory of "the power of the Jesuits." The long discussions of free will, philosophy, moral theology, atomization of morality, and confessional practice suggest the idea of a university thesis on ethics incorporated into this book on the Jesuits. Neither Part III nor Part IV helps a great deal toward elucidating the question: What is the secret of the Jesuits?

The author is at his best when adroitly introducing apposite sayings of great men—Adams, Jefferson, Voltaire, and others—about the Jesuits, and when describing the curiosities of the Jesuit theater and ballet, but he has not half a dozen passages worth reading on the Spiritual Exercises or the Constitutions. No Jesuit could read Part I without discovering a hundred errors and inexactitudes. Mr. Fülöp-Miller shows (p. 23) that he has not taken the trouble to find out even what "a professed father's" status is. About the inner life of the Jesuits, and about such men as Acquaviva, who remade the society after Ignatius's day, he has not a word.

When it comes to the touchy question of the relationship of Jesuitism with Christianity the author pleads an alibi. "The purely lay observer has no sort of qualification to enable him to judge whether the Jesuits in accommodating the demands of religion to the level of humanity and in utilizing worldly means for the attainment of religious ends are fulfilling or contravening the real spirit of the gospel" (p. 475). He shifts on Dostoevski the responsibility for the statement—a propos of Jesuit Catholicism—that "the mind which distorts Christianity by bringing it into harmony with the aims of this world destroys the whole meaning of Christianity."

Mr. Fülöp-Miller holds that the actual political power of the church is due to the Jesuits, but we miss any allusion to the fact that the Papal-Mussolini pact was negotiated by Father Tacchi-Venturi, S. J., and that Jesuit interests were safeguarded in that pact. He holds that "the rapid rise of neo-scholasticism" is due to the Jesuits, but does not explain their bitter opposition to its founder, Cardinal Mercier. He dwells largely on the achievements of modern German Jesuits to the exclusion of American and English Jesuits of recent times, like Tondorf and Martingdale. Among the modern German Jesuits whom he praises highly is the Father Friedrich Muckermann, whose cordial indorsement on the cover leaf declares that with Mr. Fülöp-Miller's book "the order may well be content." But one wonders whether many Jesuits will read with content that "with the Jesuits the confessional is to no small extent connected with politics" (p. 476). All save liberal Catholics will find themselves embarrassed at seeing in many cases the order glorified at the expense of the honor of the papacy and the good name of the Franciscans and Dominicans.

This reviewer feels that Mr. René Fülöp-Miller has failed to cast any light upon the ultimate source of Jesuit power—its secret, namely—for he had not the means of approaching its hiding place. That hiding place is in the form and spirit of the routine life, religious and social, of the ordinary Jesuit community.

E. BOYD BARRETT

The Man on the Train

Harm's Way. By Roberts Tapley. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

RICHARD ANNESLEY, the hero of "'Harm's Way," thinks of himself as a young man seated in a railroad train that is rushing head-on into an abyss. Throughout the course of the novel the analogy of the train is repeated again and again, unifying a series of events that carry the action of the story forward.

What happens is this: Richard Annesley is expelled from college. Through the social connections of a well-to-do Uncle Baxter he obtains a job in a high-powered department store in Boston. By hard work he becomes editor of the *Busy B,* the store's house organ. Slowly, imperceptibly, the economic and social machinery that has made the store possible rises before him. He leaves the job to take another in a factory. Meanwhile, Uncle Baxter, vigorous lodge member and patriotic business man, becomes involved in a scandal that concerns the government at Washington. He is made a scapegoat of Administration politics and neatly stripped of everything he owns. He and Aunt Isabel come to live with Richard in the slums of Boston, and Richard is forced to deny himself the luxury of a love affair. He finds himself accepting another job in an advertising agency, very like the one he held as editor of the *Busy B.* And the train roars onward.

So much for the story. The value of the novel lies in the ironic implications surrounding its episodes and in the personality of the author. Roberts Tapley has written a first novel of unusual interest and distinction. It would be an easy matter

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to compare his method with that of Proust. In fact, a bit too easy. For Tapley's hero is indelibly a product of our New England bourgeoisie, elevated for the past hundred years into all that we can claim for an American aristocracy. Whether Richard Annesley happens to be living in Boston or Paris, the young man is trapped. Highly sensitive and frustrated in all his efforts to exist as an individual human being, he is a perfect specimen of his class. In his conflict with contemporary civilization a great part of his strength is dissipated in a war against his own inhibitions. He has the ability to perceive the monstrosities that dance behind the patterns of modern society, but he has no weapons with which to combat them, nor can he close his eyes to the spectacle before him.

Here is an incident that shows Richard Annesley's relation to the people with whom he is thrown into contact. He is living in the same boarding-house that feeds and shelters his immediate superior in the department store, a Mr. Finsbury. Miss Fell, a clerk in the hosiery department, and Mr. Finsbury conceive a vague, timid, and altogether hopeless affection for each other. The situation is grotesque and very real. Here is Mr. Finsbury, a thin, prim, schoolmasterish sort of person who has vaulted himself into an executive position in the store, and there is Miss Fell, a fluttering, chattering, pathetically eager old maid. They are united by an equal faith in reciting the flowery success platitudes which have contributed much to Mr. Finsbury's self-confidence and will-power. Richard is unable to stop the progress of a ridiculous and futile tragedy. Miss Fell loses her job and becomes (more pathological than ever) a priestess in an evangelical temple. Mr. Finsbury, threatened with the loss of his position, commits suicide under the wheels of a subway train.

Richard Annesley can do nothing more than to sit tight, safely riding to his destination, reading the banal and fascinating literature of the advertising section of a magazine.

HORACE GREGORY

Is Unity Inevitable?

The Unity of the World. By Guglielmo Ferrero. With a Foreword by Charles A. Beard. A. and C. Boni. $2.50.

THE best part of this book is Professor Beard's foreword to it. But to the statement that "this book will be read with Plato and Aristotle," unless it be by mistake, the reviewer must demur. Professor Ferrero's treatment, for example, of the question of the freedom of the seas, which he considers one of the essentials of world unity, is quite incredibly vague considering the importance of the subject and his own great distinction as a scholar. One wonders what international lawyer he could find to indorse his apparent thesis that before the war everybody was of the blissful belief that no such thing as right of search existed, whereas since the war "it is known that one day Might will close the oceans." These are days when writers like broad canvases which must be viewed in their cosmic stretch from a distance and must not be judged on nugatory details. But much fine talk about "suddenly one day in 1914 the gates of the Apocalypse were thrown open" can scarcely excuse dangerous generalizations such as the above. It may be, however, that the present reviewer is congenitally unsympathetic to the apocalyptic school.

Professor Ferrero, moreover, in his short chapters on great topics seems frequently to point out the obvious but to omit the generalization which is perhaps more valuable because less patent. The process of world Americanization is emphasized. The highly interesting consideration is left unnoticed that this is largely due to inventions which know no nationality and is not concurrent with political commitments. The revolution is about an attitude, a manner of life; almost for the first time it is not a crusade for an imperial city or for a nation. Again, Professor Ferrero rightly insists that the unity of the world is not to be won by forcing people to change their mother tongue. But no allusion is made to the interesting phenomenon of American immigrants desiring for prestige reasons to forget their ancestral language and religion. In Europe, Professor Ferrero records, increase of natural prosperity in the artisan class seems to lead not as in America to a stable democratic republic, but only to a "messianic faith in the efficacy of world revolution" and an endeavor to encompass the destruction of their superiors. Even were this generalization, pregnant of reaction if true, to be accepted, it will not be forgotten that the American republic began not with stability, but with a certain rising against aristocratic privilege. That the difference between America and Europe may not be due to some temperamental deficiency of European workers but to the role played by the birth-rate and population pressure is not mentioned.

Professor Ferrero's pessimism concerning the probable future of the educated class, much better discussed by Julien Benda, is suffused and justified by a fatalistic philosophy which has the appearance of profundity. The question whether the democratic idea and the idea of progress contribute or not to the welfare of the human race "is unanswerable and useless, because our welfare has little to do with these great historic changes."

Why anyone should accept or work for the democratic idea who does not think it will have a bearing on one's welfare is not made plain. However, if movements are inevitable, at least book readers need feel no obligation to think about them. Even Professor Ferrero, however, seems to welcome, as the bulwark of freedom, a world-uniting polymorphous democracy, too incapable of agreement to be capable of intolerance. The reviewer does not for a moment wish to appear to deny that the democratic movement has sprung out of environmental conditions, but that little of it which has been consciously connected with our psychological urge to pursue our own welfare is a little that matters mighty much. If, in brief, I turn to the present volume from such a great book as Dibelius's "England" or from Siegfried's admirable survey, "France," or from the excellent "Decline of Rome" and "Triumph of Christianity," by Professor Ferrero, himself a distinguished defender of liberty, honesty compels me to record that I feel unhappy. It is no good Professor Beard's telling me that I ought to feel exhilarated.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Books in Brief

Medal Without Bar. By Richard Blaker. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Orderly. By M. R. Werner. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

In Spite of All Rejoicing. Anonymous. With an Introduction by Henry Williamson. Duffield and Company. $2.50.

Here are three honest war books, documents worthy of a place among the growing list of serious books on the personal side of the war. Mr. Blaker's volume is a long novel built up on a vast accumulation of detail and telling the story of the artillery on the British front through the medium of a middle-aged subaltern, his fellow-officers, and his battery. The novel is thoroughly realistic. But through it runs a strain of sentiment—the theme of man's fundamental brotherhood with man under suffering and fear. Mr. Werner's book is strictly autobiographical—a lucid, undramatic account of his experiences as a soldier in a unit of the American medical corps attached to the British army for two unforgettable years. For the greater

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part of the time he served as an orderly in a base hospital where wounded, gassed, and mutilated British soldiers came and went in batches. He neither spares his readers gruesome details nor dwells upon them. As a result the narration is admirable in its restraint and balance; but it is too slight for its subject, and lacking in power. The anonymous English diary is even less dramatic. One must read it imaginatively and have some knowledge of what the war was like to get much out of it. A bath becomes a much more important thing to jot down in one's notebook than an emotion on killing a man. But the mere fact that these pages were originally scribbled down day by day by an infantry soldier and (later) aviator, whatever the conditions in which he found himself, gives to the volume a certain importance.

The Obelisk. By William Rollins, Jr. Brewer and Warren. $2.50.

Mr. Rollins's novel, parts of which appeared in "The American Caravan," is an unusual and engaging piece of work. It consists of a medley of assorted episodes in the life of Lewis Raey, a young man who from childhood has been fearful before the powers of his vivid imagination and, inwardly, painfully self-conscious. At the same time, to all outward appearance Lewis is a normal boy, Harvard student, and young business man. He dreams of escape, but at bottom feels that every place is about the same. His sense of futility keeps him from making any strenuous effort to break away. Some of the episodes are penetrating and luminous, particularly those which deal with this New England boy's adolescence. Some are highly amusing. Two or three are dramatic. And several seem merely imitative, echoes of Huxley, Dos Passos, even Joyce.

The Saint. By Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. Translated by Edward Franklin Hauch. Simon and Schuster. $2.

"The Saint" is the first of a series of books for which the Germanic Society is sponsor in an effort to bring before American readers the little-known works of German nineteenth-century novelists. For this reason alone it deserves a welcome. Meyer, writing in German, is one of Switzerland's foremost literary figures, his fame resting chiefly on his series of historical *Novellen*. The present translation tells the story of Henry II and Thomas à Becket. Meyer takes liberties with history. He seeks for motives, forces, and conflicts that lie behind historical acts, and with a poet's license invents where he finds it necessary to his purpose—which is the study of human emotions. "The Saint" in its present form, however, does not seem a very powerful or penetrating study. Meyer, who was a consummate stylist, loses, very likely, much of his effectiveness in translation.

A Treasury of Middle English Verse. By Margot Robert Adamson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

This charming anthology is a real treasury of Middle English verse transliterated so as to be directly accessible to the ordinary reader unfamiliar with the original texts. Such readers are frightened away by even the Scotch of Burns, or the archaic spellings of Spenser, or the unfamiliar language of Chaucer. They have never, therefore, been able to appreciate the wealth of song which has come down to us from medieval and for the most part anonymous singers. Miss Adamson, whose ear is delicately and accurately attuned to rhythm and rhyme, has in this volume given such readers their rightful heritage. Her transliterations, in so far as I have had the chance to test them, are very close to the original text. She presents only such brief lyrics as will be self-explanatory. Since, as she states, the medieval poets did a "lot of talking on their knees," the greater number of the songs included are naively religious. But there is a scattering of seasonal songs, lullabys, and verse dialogues. The book as it stands serves excellently for the general reader; one regrets, however, that for classroom use Miss Adamson did not see fit to add an appendix of notes stating definitely just what word changes she has made in order to carry out the verse pattern or rhyme scheme of the original.

When the West Is Gone. By Frederic L. Paxson. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

This volume is made up of three lectures delivered by the author under the Colver Foundation at Brown University in 1929. Although the volume is small, only 132 pages, it is one of the most valuable contributions to the history of the influence of the frontier on American life that has come to hand in a long time. The first lecture discusses the formation and typical character of the successive frontiers that we have come to call the "West." The second is a singularly lucid and stimulating account of how the old America came to survive and be enshrined in the "Middle West," while the East, South, and Far West developed encircling types of civilization of their own, differing from one another and the past. In the final lecture the author attempts to forecast the future trend of character and events now that the West is gone in the old sense. The frontier, winning against conservatism under Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln, was defeated under Bryan. The book is as strong in its appeal to the interest of the scholar as to that of the layman, and thanks to its attractive style can be enjoyed by both.

The Misadventures of Martin Guerre: A Dramatic Idyll. By Gaston Delayen. Translated from the French by Farrell Symons. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

The publishers announce this tale as one intended for sophisticated readers. It is laid in sixteenth-century France and tells of the childhood marriage, the tragic impotence, the picaresque wanderings, and the final return of its hero. A long court trial to determine which of two returned Martin Guerres is the impostor and which the true husband and heir concludes the story and supplies the drama. The story is written in ironic vein and is supplied with copious mock-serious notes and a parade of pseudo-learning. This is a difficult order of writing and one for which there is no formula. Rabelais, Sterne, Anatole France, to name a few, have used it to create masterpieces, but usually, as in this instance, it falls rather flat.

Films

A Lesson from Moscow

IT is to be assumed that only the best of the Soviet pictures are exported abroad. But whatever those kept for home consumption may be, no country has yet equaled the Soviet record on the picture screens of America as set during the past season in that extraordinary series of pictures: "Arsenal," "New Babylon," "A Fragment of an Empire," "China Express," "Old and New," and "Turksib," to which now we have to add "Cain and Artem" (Cameo). Without claiming for all of them the exalted name of masterpiece, it must be admitted that their general level of excellence is something altogether unprecedented in the history of the cinema. Whether one approves or not the main line of development in the Soviet cinema, Moscow's leadership today is indisputable, as it is certainly highly welcome.

The latest Soviet arrival, "Cain and Artem," would have made a sensation if it had appeared three years ago when the silent film was still holding sway. In these days of the talking picture it would do Hollywood an unholy amount of good to learn this picture's methods of telling a plain, straightforward story both intelligently and imaginatively. Unlike so many Soviet films, "Cain and Artem" has no political ax to grind, or

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perhaps it has just enough to observe the Soviet proprieties without appreciably spoiling the story. It is as broad in its appeal, as tensely dramatic, and as full of color as Hollywood could wish. But over and above this it has something that so far only Moscow has been able to supply—a freedom from the stereotyped and a genuine pathos.

The plot of the film, which is based on Maxim Gorki's story, is concerned with the romance of the wife of an elderly fishmonger with a handsome longshoreman, Artem, the sullen and bullying hero of a market place in a small Volga town. With the help of a few hired roughs the jealous husband nearly succeeds in doing away with Artem; but taken care of by a little Jew, Cain, a mender of boots, Artem recovers, while the fishmonger's wife, believing him dead, drowns herself in despair. Around this simple plot the director, P. P. Petrov-Bytov, has painted a picture in rich and vibrant colors of the stifling, stagnant life of the small toiling and trading folk in old Russia. The market place is the focus of that life, and as one striking detail after another is presented, the spectacle of a few sensitive souls suffering in the midst of dismal poverty, filth, brutality, and superstition takes on the quality of something that is tangibly real. Then the plot begins to develop, and the dramatic situation, growing in intensity, passes through a series of rising climaxes. Here again the director's masterly treatment brings out the utmost in each situation, and now and then strikes a note of marked originality, as in the use of distorted images, or in the alternate "cutting" of the woman coming down the steps to the river bank and the view of the river.

Next to the richness of characteristic detail and its telling use for dramatic effect, the most notable feature of the picture is Emil Gall's acting in the part of Cain. This is a rare example of acting in which it is impossible to detect a single false note—so convincing and so moving it is in revealing the beauty of character that irradiates the unkempt and sorry image of the little Jew.

Among the few blemishes that mar the picture the most important is the too theatrical conception of the part of Artem, which finds its expression even in his make-up as a tattered toreador.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

"Lysistrata"

A CLASSIC has been happily defined as simply a work of such intense vitality that it is always modern, and "Lysistrata" (Forty-fourth Street Theater), first presented in Athens 2,341 years ago, fills this definition completely. It is a play about war and about sex, and it reminds us that in spite of all the profound differences that thousands of profound Keyserlings find between the mentality of one nation and another, and notwithstanding the profound differences that hundreds of profound Spenglers find between the world outlook and Zeitgeist of one time and another, the psychology of war and sex was not substantially different in the Athens of 411 B.C. from that in the New York of 1918 A.D. Then as now the populations of warring cities were taught to believe that the enemy was utterly without honor, that his soldiers were at once cowards and brutes; each city was sure that it was doing more than its allies to win the war, and as passions ran higher war aims became more and more unintelligible. All this Aristophanes attacked not with bitterness but with derision; and he pictured the war spirit not as something wicked but as something puerile.

When "Lysistrata" was produced, the Peloponnesian War had been going on for twenty years. It is with this situation that the play opens. Lysistrata, realizing that the war will only bring ruin to Athens, and that the men will never settle it, conspires to put all the women, not only of Athens but of Sparta and her allies, under oath to have nothing to do with their husbands or lovers until the war is ended. This peace plan, through terrific renunciation, is carried to success. The result (in 1930) is still a rollicking and bawdy farce-comedy that it would be sinful to miss. And it succeeds in exact proportion as everyone concerned forgets that it is a sacred classic. Great credit must go to the adaptation and translation of Gilbert Seldes, which is thoroughly modern and non-literary without ever descending to cheap slang. Mr. Seldes might, indeed, have profitably taken more liberties than he actually did with the original text; the scene between the women and the old men, for example, becomes tedious after the first ten minutes. The two outstanding comic performances are those of Ernest Truex as one of the returning Athenian soldiers and of Sydney Greenstreet as president of the Athenian senate. Mr. Truex acts as if he were in a modern, although slightly more outspoken, bedroom farce, which is exactly right, and Mr. Greenstreet is clever enough to take it for granted that the president of the Athenian senate is no different in essence from a Tammany alderman. Miriam Hopkins and Hortense Alden also take their parts in the Al Woods spirit. Violet Kemble Cooper's acting, while distinguished, appears a trifle stiff; she seems too aware that this is after all from the ancient Greek. Most of the rest of the cast are overwhelmed by this consideration, and their performance reminds one chiefly of a college revival under the direction of studiously gay professors.

The setting by Norman-Bel Geddes was architecturally impressive, but otherwise irritating. It was, to begin with, tragic rather than comic in its atmosphere—less Aristophanes than Aeschylus. And it was unsafe. It has never been clear to me why so much "modern" scenery must consist in flights of stairs. True, it makes pretty pictures and striking silhouettes for the high-class theater magazines, but surely at the price of physical risk for the actors. Even if they never turn an ankle or bump a shin, the spectator is distracted from the main business in hand by the constant fear that they are going to. There was, in fact, one major and quite unintended sprawl in the performance I witnessed. When, in the last scene, everyone on the stage was supposed to abandon himself to an orgy of joyous dancing, I found myself watching the performers carefully picking their way from step to step. Must both play and performers be subordinated to a setting? It is time the scenery designer was put in his place.

The new "Artists and Models" (Majestic Theater) began in Boston and Philadelphia as a musical comedy called "Dear Love," acquired Phil Baker somewhere, and now opens on Broadway as a commonplace revue. Such plot as it retains is stale and feeble, nor it there a single song or tune in it worth remembering. Nearly all its humor is supplied by the aforesaid Mr. Baker and his assistant in the box, who continue to be genuinely amusing. For the rest the management relies heavily on the most generous display of nudity that has been seen here in several years.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Grand Street Follies are dead. Long live the Garrick Gaieties! The current performance (Theater Guild) is swift, gay, and youthful. Among the most attractive numbers are a lively travesty on Grover Whalen's return to Wanamaker's; Albert Carroll's skilful, and rather disturbing, misinterpretation of the art of Mei Lan-Fang; and a risqué skit in which the junior members of the Senior League produce some extraordinary testimonials for the Persimmons bed. And then, of course, Philip Loeb, Sterling Holloway, and Edith Meiser are Gaieties in themselves.

M. G.

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The Killings at Peshawar

THE events at Peshawar on April 23 have never been fully reported. There are very strong indications, as Richard B. Gregg pointed out in our issue of June 18, that they were not creditable to the government. A rigid censorship was immediately imposed; a government communiqué was issued placing all blame on the Nationalists; V. I. Patel, Nationalist leader, and Pandit Malaviya, prominent Indian liberal, were denied permission to go to Peshawar and make an investigation. If the following frankly Nationalist account, which was printed in *Young India* for May 8, is the truer version, it throws an entirely different light on the Peshawar incident. It should be remembered that Peshawar is a Moslem city and that the British have been deliberately courting Moslem support in fighting the Nationalist movement.

Mr. Abdul Quadir Kasuri, president of the Punjab Provincial Congress Committee, Lahore, and president of the Punjab Satyagraha Committee, has circulated the following statement:

As various and conflicting versions of the happenings at Peshawar have been appearing from time to time, I have been at pains to discover the true facts as far as possible at this juncture. I have interviewed several responsible eyewitnesses, and after considering all the statements I believe the following version to be the nearest possible to truth.

It is well known that the All-India Congress Committee deputation that went to make inquiry into the working of the Northwest Frontier regulations was stopped at Attock early in the morning of April 22 and not allowed to proceed any farther.

Meanwhile all the prominent Congress leaders and workers with a large crowd had assembled at the Peshawar railway station for a fitting reception to this deputation. When the news came through that the deputation was not allowed to come to Peshawar, a procession was formed and led through the city and in the evening a huge mass-meeting was held to protest against the repressive policy of the government. It was also announced at the meeting that the decision of the Frontier Provincial Congress Committee that had already been arrived at to picket the five liquor shops in the city would be put into effect from the morning of the 23d.

The Frontier government, seeing the thoroughly business-like preparations made by the Congress Committee to carry out the picketing and fearing that it would have great effect on the people, decided to arrest all the important leaders. Consequently between three and six in the early hours of the morning on the 23d of April six [leaders] were arrested. . . .

At six o'clock in the morning, when the congressmen came to know of the arrest of the above-mentioned six leaders, they met in the Congress Committee office and there they also learned that warrants were out against Syed Lal Badshah, member of the All-India Congress Committee and president of the War Council, and Mr. Mohd Khan, secretary of the City Congress Committee, and immediately, without any police officer's asking for the arrest of these two, they took them out in a procession to the police station just inside the Kabli Gate and handed them over to the police officer there in charge. The crowd accompanying the procession afterward came back in a very peaceful manner to the Congress office. . . .

At sunrise, as soon as the news got abroad that the leaders had been arrested, there was a spontaneous hartal all over the city. At about nine-thirty, when a huge crowd was standing peacefully in front of the Congress Committee offices in a very orderly manner and giving a great ovation to the volunteers who were being sent out on picketing duty, a subinspector of police with armed constables came in a lorry to the Congress Committee office and told the person in charge there that he had with him two more warrants of arrest—against Mr. Gulam Rubani and Mr. Allah Bux. On receiving this news the crowd immediately made way for the two leaders to come out of the office and they presented themselves before the subinspector, who put them in the lorry and proceeded to the town. When the lorry reached the Chowk Yadgar it had a punctured tire, and while the subinspector was thinking of sending for another lorry the two arrested gentlemen told the subinspector that they would of their own accord present themselves in the Thana just as the two other leaders had done earlier in the day. The police agreed to this and went away, and the procession started with these two gentlemen and reached the Kabli Gate Thana. They found, however, the gates of the Thana closed. The two leaders shouted out that they had come to offer themselves for arrest, but nothing was done until about half an hour later when the subinspector who had come to the Congress Committee office to arrest them reached the spot and assured the officer in charge that the crowd was peaceful. . . . After the gates were opened and the prisoners were taken in, the crowd in a most peaceful manner gave a great ovation to the arrested leaders and raising shouts of *Inquilab Zindabad* started to go back toward the city. This fact should be noted—that though it was by now a little past ten o'clock and some leaders had been arrested, some had voluntarily offered themselves for arrest, and there was a complete hartal in the city, nothing had been done by the crowd to give the least cause for the officers to have any apprehension.

Under such circumstances, when the crowd had throughout been behaving in an exemplary manner and was returning toward the city, two armored cars full of soldiers came from behind without blowing their horns or giving any notice whatever of their approach and drove into the crowd regardless of the consequences. Many people were brutally run over, several were wounded, and at least three people died on the spot. In spite of this provocation the crowd still behaved with great restraint, collecting the wounded and the three dead persons. We possess photographs of some of them. At this time an English officer on a motor cycle came dashing past. What happened to him is not quite clear. There are two conflicting versions. The semi-official version says that he fired into the crowd and a man whom he wounded by a shot struck him on the head and he died. The other version that has been given to me is that he collided with the armored car which was standing by and was killed as a result of the collision. Until further inquiry is made it is difficult to say what are the true facts. At the same time one of the armored cars caught fire. Here again it is alleged on the one hand that it was set fire to by the mob, while another version is that it caught fire accidentally. By this time, however, a troop of English soldiers had reached the spot and without any warning began firing into the crowd, in which there were women and children as well as men. Now the crowd gave a good example of the lesson of non-violence that had been instilled into them. When those in front fell down wounded by the shots, those behind came forward with their breasts bared and exposed themselves to the fire, so that some persons got as many as twenty-one bullet wounds in their bodies and all the people stood their ground without getting into a panic. A young

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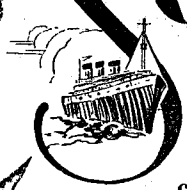
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Sikh boy came and stood in front of a soldier and asked him to fire at him, which the soldier unhesitatingly did, killing him. Similarly an old woman seeing her relatives and friends being wounded came forward, was shot, and fell down wounded. An old man with a four-year-old child on his shoulders, unable to brook this brutal slaughter, advanced asking the soldier to fire at him. He was taken at his word, and soon he also fell wounded. Scores of such instances will come out on further inquiry. The crowd kept standing at the spot facing the soldiers and was fired at from time to time, until there were heaps of wounded and dying lying about. The Anglo-Indian paper of Lahore, which represents the official view, itself wrote to the effect that the people came forward one after another to face the firing and when they fell wounded they were dragged back and others came forward to be shot at. This state of things continued from eleven till five o'clock in the evening. When the number of corpses became too many the ambulance cars of the government took them away. It is said that they were taken to some unknown place, and though they were mostly Mohammedans the bodies were burned. After this struggle the leaders of the public and volunteers collected all the remaining bodies. These alone came to sixty-five in number. . . .

Two facts are noteworthy in this connection. One is that of all the dead collected by the congressmen there was not one single instance where there was the mark of a bullet in the back. Further, all the wounds were bullet wounds and there was no trace of grape shot. Neither the police nor the military nor anybody else alleges that there was any stick or weapon, blunt or sharp, with the persons in the crowd. The attitude of the crowd and the splendid hold that the Congress had on the people are evidenced by the fact that in spite of the presence of the British troops patrolling the city the picketing went on without a break and the batches of volunteers were sent according to the program. The whole day of the 23d the picketing continued and no arrests were made. Though Section 144 was promulgated on the night of the 23d and any gathering of more than five persons was prohibited, the picketing was continued on the 24th and Section 144 was defied openly and peacefully. On the 24th three batches of volunteers were one after the other arrested, but more batches came and the picketing continued. The authorities, finding their policy of arrest unavailing, released the volunteers and, it is said, also ordered the liquor shops to be closed for two months.

At this stage it is very difficult to say what is the number of the dead and wounded. It seems likely that the number of dead is in the hundreds, and a careful study of the situation indicates that the incident was a repetition of the Jallianwala Bagh [Amritsar] massacre.

It is a regrettable fact that the government showed its customary heartlessness by providing no facilities even for first aid to the wounded; all that it did was to cart away as many dead bodies as possible and burn them, as alleged, in some far-away spot with a view to minimizing the extent of the havoc. . . .

These are the facts as far as I can gather them. On learning of this terrible incident I sent the following telegram to the Chief Commissioner of the Northwest Frontier Province: "Committee sending medical deputation for relief of wounded as result of firing at Peshawar. Hope deputation will be provided facilities for this humane work."

I received the following reply: "Have consulted local leaders who authorize me to assure you that all arrangements for medical treatment have been made and there is no need for you to send medical deputation. Please therefore do not send it."

Thereupon I sent another telegram to the chief commissioner intimating to him that I had received no reply to my telegram from the Congress Committee of Peshawar and asking how he could say that the leaders did not want any help. This telegram did not elicit any reply.

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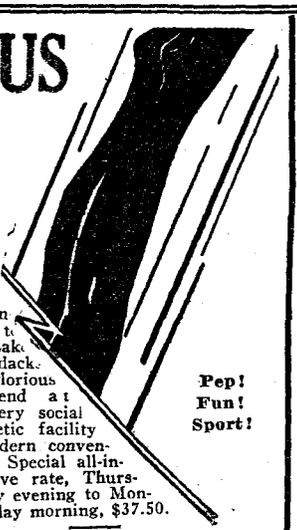

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BY their votes on the Smoot-Hawley bill these Senators stamped definitely on the record their inadequacy for the office they hold. The fall elections are a yawning gate through which a majority of them should pass to political oblivion. Grundy, the goblin of them all, failed to weather even the primary in Pennsylvania. But he can go back to a thriving business in lobbies. Some of the rest are not so fortunate. Follow their retreat in The Nation.

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